THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Edmund Deacon, Henry Peterson, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1857.

Established August 6, 1821. Whole Number Issued 1858.

MY OWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CARRIE MYER.

Beloved and loving one! mine—my own!
I never weary of the precious thought:—
The blessed certainty till now unknown,
With far too much of heavenly joy is fraught.

For my rapt spirit fain would lowly bow
To thee, of all the flock the purest dove!
Scarce do I know while gazing on thy brow,
If seraph I adore or mortal love!

But thou art mine—my own! No earthly hands
Can take thee rudely from this ardent heart!
Rest here, here is thy home! these golden bands
So prized, nor Time nor Death can rend apart.

We two are one forever! When this dim,
Dull veil of clay is rent, unsevered, we
Shall tread the argent paths of seraphim
Throughout the cycles of Eternity.

God bless thee, dearest! If a husband's duty,
A lover's fond absorbing tenderness,
Could span the skies for aye with light and beauty,
Thy pathway henceforth would be shadowless.

Original Novelet.

THE WITHERED HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

"My ideal of a man," said Mrs. Clement, glancing, as she spoke, towards a gentleman who was just entering the room, with a lady upon his arm.

He was in the prime of life, had dark, earnest eyes, a broad forehead, and a calm, mild countenance. His lips, rather full, expressed firmness of character.

"Mr. Hardy."

The lady to whom the remark was made, simply uttered the name of the individual referred to.

"Yes, John Hardy. In him you see my ideal of a man."

"I never thought there was anything very remarkable about him," was answered. "He isn't particularly handsome."

"I think him handsome, Mrs. Percival."

"It is well, I suppose, that we do not all see alike," replied the lady, smiling. "Mrs. Hardy is, no doubt, of your opinion."

"I'm not so sure of that, Mrs. Percival. The fact is, it's my opinion that she doesn't half appreciate her husband."

"She has, one would think, the best opportunity for acquiring a just estimate of his character."

"Very true. But it sometimes happens that individuals are blind to the good qualities of those with whom they are in daily intercourse."

"It is in the daily life that good qualities manifest themselves, if they have any existence," said Mrs. Percival.

"True again. But real good qualities in others may not always be such as are most agreeable."

"I don't see how good qualities can be any thing but agreeable," said Mrs. Percival.

"Justice is a good quality," replied Mrs. Clement, "but not always agreeable to the criminal."

"Oh! I understand you. Mrs. Hardy has her eccentricities."

"All of us have them," was the vague reply.

After a brief pause in the conversation, Mrs. Clement said:

"He is one of the most agreeable men that I meet anywhere in society."

"He is more than agreeable," replied Mrs. Percival. "He instructs and elevates by his conversation. As to his being good company, I can agree with you entirely. But, of the real man, existing behind that, I have no knowledge, and cannot speak in any positive way. The exterior seeming, and the interior life, have too often very little that is in correspondence. Men speak highly of Mr. Hardy. My husband often refers to him as an individual of the firmest integrity. 'His word is as good as his bond,' I have heard him say many times. And yet, Mrs. Clement, there is a sphere about the man that affects me unpleasantly: Do you know I have sometimes had the impression that he was selfish and cold-hearted?"

"Why, Mrs. Percival! You astonish me!—Cold-hearted!"

"Even so. But I must be more guarded in my words. It is not right to speak to another's detriment from mere vague impressions. No doubt he is a great deal better than I am."

While this conversation was going on, Mr. Hardy, the person referred to, had passed to the opposite end of the room from that where Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Percival were seated. Here he soon became the centre of an interested circle of both ladies and gentlemen. Mrs. Hardy had withdrawn her hand from the arm of her husband—or, to speak more correctly, Mr. Hardy had permitted his arm to fall in a way that indicated his wish that Mrs. Hardy should relinquish her hold upon him, which was done instantly. A friend joined her at the moment, and, in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, the two ladies seated themselves in a retired part of the room. They were intimate and congenial; and took more interest in things pertaining to their inner lives, than in the external social life around them.

Mrs. Hardy was a pale, thoughtful looking woman, with an expression of face rather tending to repel than attract strangers. When in repose, there was a look of disappointment on her countenance, which, at times, became almost painful. She had once been handsome, and many traces of former beauty still lingered about lip and cheek and brow. Her dark, dreamy eyes were once full of dancing light. Now, they seldom flashed; and when they did so, the fire that burned in them with a momentary blaze, startled the surprised observer.—Those who remembered her as she was some twenty years earlier, and contrasted her appearance then with the aspect now presented, felt that some unseen causes were at work, sapping the foundations of her happiness. So far as external things were concerned, she had, as the world regards them, all that heart could desire. The home where she dwelt, and in which were no vacant places, those sad remembrancers of the loved and lost, was elegant even to luxuriousness. Whatever money could purchase, up to the full extent of her wishes, was within her reach. And yet, for years, there had been a steady dimming of her eyes—a steady fading of her cheek—a steady paling of the light of life. Her voice, once so full of gushing joy, had long since lost its buoyant tones, and rarely now lifted itself above a low, murmured utterance of words that seemed rather echoes of feeling than records of thought.

"Not my ideal of a woman, certainly," remarked Mrs. Clement, referring to Mrs. Hardy, who had seated herself not far distant from the place where the former was conversing with her friend. "To me, there is something very repellant about her."

"I have heard her spoken of," said Mrs. Percival, in answer to this, "as being, in former times, one of the most attractive of women—full of life and animation."

"I remember her as a very different person from what she now appears," replied Mrs. Clement; "though I did not know her intimately, nor had I the pleasure of meeting her often."

"Soon after her marriage with Mr. Hardy, the change, now so marked, began, I am told. In two or three years, she looked older by many times the period. It has been whispered that her husband is not, in the retirement of home, all that he appears abroad."

"A gossip's tale. Mere idle talk," said Mrs. Clement, speaking with some warmth of manner. "I know a lady who resided in the family for several months, and she says that a kinder man at home than Mr. Hardy she has never met. She represents him as domestic, orderly, and thoughtful of every one's comfort."

"What is her report touching the lady?" inquired Mrs. Percival.

"Not so satisfactory."

"Did she specify anything?"

"No. The most I could gather from her was that Mrs. Hardy was queer."

"That means a great deal, or nothing."

"Yes. In the present case it means something, undoubtedly. Deliver me from a 'queer' woman! A man who can get along with one, must be a saint. Mr. Hardy, she said, was always mild, always even-tempered, always the same. As you saw him on the day you entered his house, you saw him on the day of your departure, whether you remained a week or a month."

"Strong testimony in his favor."

"It is. As for Mrs. Hardy, it's my opinion that she's a selfish, dissatisfied woman at heart. That all her unhappiness flows from internal causes."

"That may be. Yet, in the absence of facts, it is best not to suffer our minds to come to any positive conclusions in regard to others. Some great sorrow, I fear, is at her heart, and, as a human sufferer, she is entitled to human sympathy. Mine she has. A woman's heart is not always understood, Mrs. Clement; and of all readers of woman's heart, men have the least discernment. In truth, it is one of my theories, that women have emotions, wants and yearnings, the nature of which men cannot comprehend. And I believe that all around us are women whose very life is dying out daily, because the men they call their husbands, are, in their selfishness and sensual ignorance, trampling under foot what to them is sacred and holy."

"Doubtless, many women of refined sentiments, who are married to coarse brutes, suffer as you intimate," replied Mrs. Clement. "But, in the present case, there is quite as much refinement, and as high a feeling of virtue and honor on the part of the husband as on that of the wife. Nay, if I do not greatly err, the superiority is on his side."

Mr. Hardy, who had been moving about the room, passing a few words with a friend here, or a group of ladies there, now advanced to where Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Percival sat conversing, and taking a chair, said, in his peculiarly pleasant way,

"Ah, Mrs. Clement! I'm glad to meet your cheerful face this evening. How is your good husband? Is he here to-night?"

"Oh, yes. There he stands." And the lady nodded across the room.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Percival!" Not quite so cordially was this said; nor were the smile and word of response to the greeting as hearty as those given by Mrs. Clement.

"It is some time since I had the pleasure of seeing you, Mrs. Percival. Have you been secluding yourself?"

"Home duties first, you know, Mr. Hardy. These have large claims upon our time and attention."

"True—very true; and I honor the woman who, from principle, makes home duties the most sacred obligation of her life." Mr. Hardy spoke with earnestness and animation. "For home is the centre of all good influences. As the homes of the people are, so will the people be. How largely is the world indebted to good wives and mothers!"

"You regard them as the world's regenerators," said Mrs. Percival.

"If it ever is regenerated," was answered, "with them will rest the honor. A woman's influence, madam, is all powerful. It is like heat, steadily going forth, all pervading, all-subduing. Wherever it penetrates it changes the order of things. Nothing can long resist its subtle power. The very barriers we lift against it soon yield to its warmth; and we feel its potency in our hearts while yet dreaming that the outermost gate of entrance is double barred."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Percival with a sigh, "if this influence were always on the side of good. Heat destroys as well as revivifies. The fires that burn in the human heart are not all holy."

"Alas, that it is so!" replied Mr. Hardy. "And, alas! that women, in general, have not a higher sense of their great responsibility."

The eyes of Mr. Hardy wandered across the room as he spoke, and rested, as both of the ladies thought, upon his wife, who sat conversing with the friend she had joined on first entering the room. They looked into each other's faces with glances of covert meaning.

"All duties are not alike," said Mrs. Percival.

"True." Mr. Hardy spoke as if his thoughts had become busied with some other theme.

"Nor are we always the best judges of others' social obligations," added Mrs. Percival. "I have sometimes thought," and she looked steadily at Mr. Hardy, uttering her words with considerable emphasis, "that we take a higher pleasure in defining the duties of others than in discharging our own."

The sentiment found an echo in the thoughts of Mr. Hardy, and he said with animation,

"Truly spoken, madam! Truly spoken! I have often given utterance to the same words."

"And are we not in great danger of error in this defining of others' duties?" added the lady.

"Perhaps we are." There was a falling cadence in the tones of Mr. Hardy.

"Again I have thought," pursued Mrs. Percival, "that we help others to do their life-duties more truly when we faithfully perform our own than when we indicate to them in words, no matter how fitting, the paths in which their feet should tread. It is better to walk in the right way, than merely to act as guide posts—better for others I mean."

"We may show another the way in which he should walk," said Mr. Hardy, "and yet not walk in the same way ourselves. No two life-paths are exactly in the same line."

"True—but our walk is more inspiring than our words, Mr. Hardy. Fine sentiments are admirable in their way; but an act has more power than a hundred words. If we would all *do*, in our respective spheres, we might be saved the utterance of many fine precepts that die on the air."

"You are a close moralist, Mrs. Percival, and one not at all inclined to flatter weak human nature."

"Self-flattery comes easy and natural," said the lady. "But self-compulsion is a harder thing. Your self-compelling, self-denying people have, of all others, the widest charity for the short comings of others. A talking moralist is not, usually, a living one—at least so my observation inclines me to believe."

Mr. Hardy did not seem disposed to make any reply. He stood, for a few moments, in a musing attitude, and then passed to another part of the room, and joined another group of ladies.

"Did you mean to be personal?" said Mrs. Clement.

"Perhaps I did. At least I was using a probe, as the doctors say."

"You may probe there to your heart's content, Mrs. Percival; but you'll find no unsound place in his heart."

"You think him an angel."

"Oh no; not an angel; but a very perfect human being."

"There is no human being so perfect that his heart is freed entirely from evil. The best man that lives is impure in the sight of God."

"True, of course, in a general way."

"Yes, and sadly true in a particular way. And Mr. John Hardy is no exception."

"You are prejudiced."

"Perhaps I am; all of us are given to prejudice more or less. But the man's sphere is, and always has been, disagreeable to me; and when this is the case, I never feel any very strong confidence. A man may hide his purposes and thoughts, but there is an interior sense that will discern something of his real quality through all disguises."

"Hardly a fair mode of judging the character," said Mrs. Clement.

"A woman's perceptions, I take it, are rarely at fault. The trouble is she is not enough guided by them."

"Reason and common sense are the safer guides, Mrs. Percival."

"No doubt of it in all cases where reason and common sense can penetrate. But qualities of mind are not discerned by thought, nor appreciable by what we call common sense. These can only know a man by his actions. But it is a sad truth, Mrs. Clement, that there are hypocrites in the world. The exterior, instead of being a mirror to reflect the soul, is too often a veil to hide its real form. And so, after all, we are driven to depend largely on the impression others make upon us, for our estimates of their real characters."

"The eye rarely deceives us," said Mrs. Clement.

"Perhaps not. But what a mystery there is in every eye; and how difficult it is to gaze, except for a few moments at a time, into the eye of another."

"I have always found it so."

"A steady eye is regarded as indicative of courage; also of conscious integrity. In a general way, this may be true. But it will not always hold good, and should not be set down as an infallible rule. I would pardon any one, however, for refusing to trust a man whose eye forever wandered from his own."

"Mr. Hardy has a clear, steady eye," said Mrs. Clement.

"I would say not," remarked Mrs. Percival, "for I found it almost impossible to hold his gaze within my own, just now."

"The subject of conversation may have had something to do with that. I hardly think a portion of what you said was altogether agreeable to him."

"Why not? Did I utter any sentiment to which a true man might not heartily respond?"

"There is a way of saying things perfectly true in themselves, that may be disagreeable. The bare suspicion that truths, given as generalities, are meant for specific application, cannot fail to produce something akin to embarrassment. And herein I presume, lies the secret of Mr. Hardy's unsteady eye when it encountered yours. So, in this case, I shall not think the eye judgment to be depended upon."

"I am willing to give Mr. Hardy the full benefit of your interpretations," said Mrs. Percival, smiling. "No doubt he had a perception of my quality, and no doubt there was a mutual sense of repulsion. My own impression is, that his opinion of me, is quite as flattering as mine is of him. And it is quite possible that he is a great deal better as a man, than I am as a woman. But, let us change the conversation to a more agreeable theme."

CHAPTER II.

It was, perhaps, half an hour from the time when Mr. and Mrs. Hardy entered the room, that Mrs. Percival found herself beside the latter. They had met in society occasionally, but were not intimately acquainted, and all their intercourse heretofore had been marked with a degree of formality. The conversation held with Mrs. Clement, had created something of a curious interest in Mrs. Hardy, and now that she was near her, Mrs. Percival felt a desire to know her better.

"A little apart, as usual," she said, smiling, and with a certain repressed familiarity of manner that took away the appearance of obtrusiveness. "It has always seemed to me, Mrs. Hardy, that you looked down upon the world, as we sometimes look upon the crowd from a casement—conscious of its disturbance, yet unaffected thereby."

"That is impossible," was the low spoken answer. "So long as we are in the world, we are of it, and must feel whatever disturbs its harmony. I am no exception, Mrs. Percival."

"And there is always something to disturb—always some discordant jar along the wires. How sadly everything is out of tune!"

"Do you think so!" Mrs. Hardy lifted her dark, sunken, penetrating eyes to the face of Mrs. Percival. "*I* have thought the world full of harmonies."

"You?"

There was surprise in the voice of Mrs. Percival.

"Why should it not be so? Hath not God made it? It is full of beauty to the eyes—and must be full of harmonies for the heart rightly attuned to perceive them. But, ah! how few hearts are in tune. It is here that the defect lies. If the strings of an instrument are not in accord, the softest touch will jar us painfully. The world, Mrs. Percival, teems with beauty; and there are sweet melodies breathing along its valleys, and echoing from every mountain. But, with too many of us, the eyes are veiled, and the ears dull of hearing."

"If we could but lift the veil and unstop the ears," said Mrs. Percival.

"Ah! If? If?—Between what heights of enjoyment and depths of misery stands this little word as an impassable barrier. If?—How many hearts have been broken on this rock—how many barks, joy-freighted, wrecked forever!"

"Happy is it for us, that there is a beyond," said Mrs. Percival, a beautiful smile lighting up her face, suddenly, as we sometimes see the summer lightning leap from the heart of a sunset cloud, covering it with radiance.

Mrs. Hardy sighed, and her eyes drooped to the floor, the long lashes resting like a silken fringe above her white, transparent cheeks.

"*You* have hope in the beyond!"

The voice of Mrs. Hardy trembled slightly as she uttered these words. She had lifted her eyes, in which a singular light was burning.

"What were life here, without this hope! How can you ask the question?"

"Forgive me, if my words have jarred a single chord unpleasantly," said Mrs. Hardy. "Ah! you know not how earnestly—yes, eagerly—I have looked into, and questioned the 'beyond.' But no land has yet become visible to my straining eyes—no answer has been returned to my expectant heart."

"We have the great, soul-cheering promise of life everlasting, to all who, in passing through the world, keep their garments unspotted."

Mrs. Hardy shook her head, while a shade of disappointment fell over her countenance.

"What more do we want?" queried Mrs. Percival.

"Everything!" ejaculated Mrs. Hardy, with an emphasis that startled her auditor. "Everything! Life everlasting! What an awful thought to one into whose every moment of life are crowded years of anguish!"

"You pain me by your words," said Mrs. Percival, in a voice of pity. "I meant not to awaken a pang in your bosom."

A feeble smile lighted the wan features of Mrs. Hardy, as she answered:—

"I have but supposed a case."

"A very rare one, I am sure. Few such exist, for life, in its worst aspects, has many compensations."

"Have you nothing, in regard to this 'beyond,' more definite for the heart to rest upon?" inquired Mrs. Hardy, speaking in a calmer voice. "These vague generalities bring no comfort to my spirit."

"Can you not trust in the promises of Him whose word is Truth? 'In my Father's house,' He says, 'are many mansions. I go and prepare a place for you.' But I need not repeat the glad assurances of future life and happiness to the righteous, which burn like stars in the firmament on every page of Holy Writ."

"I know them by heart," said Mrs. Hardy, in a quiet tone.

"And they have lighted your path many and many a time, when but for them your feet would have stumbled."

"It may be so. I will not gainsay your words," replied Mrs. Hardy. "But they are only stars, after all, merely penetrating the nights. It is the day-dawn for which I am seeking. But not a single gleam yet gilds the mountain tops. The cry of my soul is—'Watchman, what of the night?'—and I have yet to hear that joyful answer—'The morning breaketh!' But forgive me, dear madam! Your words have betrayed me into unwonted revelations. Let my heart flutter back to its own dim chamber, and fold again its drowsy wings."

"I have seen just enough to interest me deeply, and to draw me strongly toward you, Mrs. Hardy. You seem to be walking in darkness, while there is light around you. It may be in my power to open a window upwards, and let the broad, bright sunbeams shower down upon you. Oh! how gladly would I do this.—For all suffering sister-hearts I have deep sympathies. Will you, sister in suffering, let me draw near to you in spirit?"

The hand of Mrs. Hardy reached out with a kind of eager instinct, and grasped the hand of Mrs. Percival. The movement was quiet and unobtrusive, and gave not a ripple to the surface of things around them.

"Let us seek a place less in the eye of observation," said Mrs. Percival.

And the two ladies passed from the crowded rooms, into the beautiful garden attached to the mansion in which they were evening guests.

"The peace of nature," said Mrs. Percival, glancing up to the illumined firmament, where the stars shone in tranquil beauty. "Nature is all in harmony, and her words to the troubled spirit, are, 'Peace—be still!'"

Her companion did not answer, though her eyes looked upwards.

"Have you not often heard this voice, deep in your heart?" said Mrs. Percival.

"Not for many years," was replied, mournfully. "It is a long time since nature has spoken to me with any intelligible meaning. I have not cared even to question her; for the book wherein her oracles are written contains no solution of my doubts—no answers to the heart cry long ago sent forward into the future."

"What is it you ask of the future?" inquired Mrs. Percival.

There was a long silence, and a deeply breathed sigh.

"The consociation—the heart-relation—the affinities—what of these?—what of these?" Mrs. Hardy spoke with a kind of breathless eagerness. Then, in a calmer way, she added—"But this is all a vain struggle — all a vain beating against the barriers of time. Mortal eye hath not seen, nor mortal ear heard the secret things of eternity. It were better for some of us, I have many times thought, that we had not been born."

"Life is a great blessing," replied Mrs. Percival, almost solemnly,—"the highest gift of the good Being who created us for happiness. I thank him daily for the boon."

"Once I felt the same thankfulness—" Mrs. Hardy was about to say more, but she checked herself, and remained silent.

"Of the heart relations, we may speak with some confidence," said Mrs. Percival, repressing all excitement of feeling, and uttering her words in a low, earnest tone. "Heart-qualities will make heart-affinities."

"Mrs. Hardy did not reply, but bent her head in a listening attitude.

"Love is the life of man, and love of good the life of heaven. Of one thing we may all be sure:—If we, through repression of evil, and the doing of good works, here, prepare ourselves for the mansions of blessedness, we shall, in all things have, to eternity, the desire of our hearts. The heart-affinities will all be true affinities. We shall possess what we love—for our desires will all be for the good and the true, and these will be given to us in the fullest measure."

"How true are your words, answered Mrs. Hardy. "Yes—Love is the very life Trample upon that, and the life perishes. Breathe upon it coldly, and it is blighted as a fair plant in the later autumn. Yes—yes—Love is life—at least woman's life! Oh, that will indeed be heaven, where the loving heart can find a true object. Love! Love! How that word sweeps the spirit backwards on golden pinions to the sunny morning of our lives when the air was full of melody and fragrance, and we dreamed those sweet dreams of the future, never to be realized. But, forgive me, Mrs. Percival. Again I am betrayed into unwonted utterances. Ah, madam, your words have reached farther down, and stirred the waters of feeling in depths that have scarcely known even a ground-swell for years. I have sometimes thought that my heart was dead—or, at least, palsied. Its green leaf withered long ago."

"Oh, say not so, my dear madam. The heart can never die while there is anything to love—for love is its aliment; and you have much to love."

"I have poured out love like water. But—" and the voice of Mrs. Hardy changed—"I am still betraying myself. There are life-experiences with every one that should be life-secrets. Forget, Mrs. Percival, much that you have heard me say to-night. I could not have spoken so, had you not, strange as it may appear, seemed to me as a sister—yes, with a closer affinity, born of the spirit and not of the flesh. Some of your words will never die. As seed in the earth, they are in my mind, and I can already feel them quickening into life. Whether the ground will produce a weakly plant, or a vigorous tree, time only can determine."

"You interest me deeply, Mrs. Hardy. Shall we not be friends?"

"True friendship must be reciprocal. I fear that I have nothing to give, Mrs. Percival. You will not always find me even as now."

"Let us be friends," was the simple, earnestly spoken response of Mrs. Percival.

Something about Mrs. Hardy had, as she intimated, awakened in her mind a lively feeling of interest, and she desired to penetrate the mystery that closed around her like a thick veil—not from mere curiosity, but from a higher impulse. She felt that from some cause, the warm affections of a true and loving heart had been suddenly chilled, and that no sunrays ardent enough to melt the frozen fountain, had yet penetrated her bosom.

"Be it so," almost mournfully responded Mrs. Hardy. "I want a friendly bosom on which, sometimes, to lay my head."

An arm was drawn lovingly around her slender form, and the kiss of a sister laid upon her forehead.

"There are kindred spirits in this world," said Mrs. Hardy, in a voice that trembled. "Oh, if ours are really akin!"

"They are—they are, dear friend and sufferer!" replied Mrs. Percival, with a gush of feeling. In a little while she added—"Oh, no, your heart is not palsied—the green leaf has not withered."

A voice came at this moment warbling from the drawing-room—a voice of uncommon sweetness. The singer had chosen one of the old songs, burdened with melody, that old associations had rendered dear to the hearts of many listeners in the crowded rooms, and especially dear to Mrs. Hardy. Every word was uttered distinctly, and every sentiment of the song given with unusual feeling, as if the singer were an improvisatrice.

"Beautiful!" said Mrs. Percival, as the last exquisite strain died on the air. "It is a long time since I heard that song, always a favorite. Never did a piece of music so crowd my thoughts with old memories as this does now."

Mrs. Hardy made no reply.

"Is it not one of your favorites?"

Mrs. Hardy did not seem to hear the question.

"Jane!" A man had come out into the piazza, and now called in a slightly suppressed tone, looking down into the garden as he said so. At the sound of his voice, Mrs. Hardy gave a slight start.

"Jane!" the call was repeated, and the man stepped from the porch, and moved down one of the walks.

"I am here," Mrs. Hardy spoke, but her voice was cold—Mrs. Percival thought indifferent.

"I have been looking for you," said Mr. Hardy; "won't you come into the parlors?"

"Certainly, if you desire it," replied Mrs. Hardy, without hesitation, yet exhibiting not the slightest interest; "will you return to the house, Mrs. Percival?"

"With pleasure."

Mrs. Percival walked beside Mrs. Hardy until they entered the porch, when she fell a little behind, and then separated herself; yet still keeping near, a deeply interested observer of every act, expression, and word that passed between Mrs. Hardy and her husband. They drew close to the piano, where the lady who had been singing, still sat, a crowd around her. Some were urging her to sing again. She complied, and, after one or two more pieces, left the instrument.

"Now, Jane, you will sing." Mr. Hardy said this loud enough to be heard by all who were standing near.

"Oh, no, no!" was instantly replied, with a kind of shuddering repulsion; and Mrs. Hardy moved backward. But her husband, Mrs. Percival observed, retained a firm hold upon her hand which was drawn within his own.

"Now don't say no, Mrs. Hardy." And two or three ladies gathered around her.

"Oo, no, no! I haven't touched the piano nor sung a note for years."

"No good reason why you shouldn't sing now," said her husband, in a mild, kind, pursuasive tone. "Now do, Jane, oblige the company and me. It will give us all so much pleasure."

The face of Mrs. Hardy grew pallid.

"Impossible, Mr. Hardy! How could you ask me?" she said, lifting her eyes to the face of her husband, and gazing steadily at him for a moment or two, with an expression which those who saw accounted singular, if not mysterious.

"We should all do our part in ministering to the enjoyment of others, you know," remarked Mr. Hardy, smiling blandly, and speaking in a pleasant voice. "The time was," he added, "when my good wife could stir the hearts of crowded assemblies with a voice which I am sure has not yet lost its power. But I fear"—he spoke in a slightly depressed tone—"that she is not as ready to give pleasure as she was a few years ago. How is it, Jane?"

Mr. Hardy recovered his more buoyant tone in the closing sentence, and looked with eyes of tenderness upon his wife.

"I am sure our friends will excuse me," said Mrs. Hardy, seeming almost to catch her breath as she spoke. "It is impossible to comply with the request to sing. If in any other way, I can contribute to the pleasure of the company, I will gladly do so."

And she moved back from the centre of the group, and disengaging her hand from the arm of her husband, made her way quietly to another part of the room.

Mr. Hardy sighed, as he turned partly around, and followed her with earnest glances.

"It is hardly right to force her into doing what is evidently so repugnant to her feelings," said Mrs. Percival, with covert rebuke in her voice.

"Force her, madame!" replied Mr. Hardy, in a tone of surprise, "Heaven knows I desire nothing so much as to see her happy; and it was only in the hope of reviving old states by old associations, that I urged her to sing just now. If she had complied, she would have been happier for the effort; and I did hope to have extorted compliance by gentle force. Some of you remember how exquisitely she once per-

formed, and how every lip would be hushed into silence when her voice broke, in melody, upon the air. I would give much to hear it filling this room, as I have heard it in times past."

Mr. Hardy appeared to be deeply moved; and, as if to conceal his emotion, turned away, and left the little company that were gathered around him.

"I pity that man from my heart," said a lady, speaking to Mrs. Percival.

"Acting," was the brief response.

"Oh, no. I can't believe that," replied the lady. "You wrong him."

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Percival. "If Mrs. Hardy has neither sung nor played for years, was it reasonable in her husband to expect her to do so to-night?"

The lady was silent.

"It was very unreasonable, I say," added Mrs. Percival. "And the fact of his proposing any thing of the kind, shows him to be an unreasonable man, and gives some clue to the singular state of mind into which his wife has fallen."

The lady shook her head, in an incredulous way, and remarked, in a light, almost indifferent tone of voice,

"Oh! she's queer," and turned from Mrs. Percival with an air that was slightly offensive.

"Queer!" Mrs. Percival spoke with herself. "How indefinite the word, yet how certain to carry with it a prejudice into the hearer's mind. If there is nothing directly to allege against a woman, detraction looks wise and says 'she's queer'—and, too surely, the heart is closed to sympathy. Ah! These queer people are, usually, great sufferers. The world is not over patient with them."

A little while afterwards she observed that Mr. Hardy was the centre of a group of ladies and gentlemen, to whom he was talking in a very animated way. Mrs. Hardy was not on his arm. She sought for her through the crowded rooms, but not finding her, went out into the garden, where she discovered her standing under an arbor, looking more like an immovable statue, than a living woman. As she came up, the light, streaming out from the open windows, and falling upon her cheeks, glittered among the crystal tears, and told that she was weeping.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined.—"My Childhood's Home;" "Watching and Waiting;" "Rain;" "Think of Me."

A Subscriber. Twenty-six cents a year, when paid quarterly, in advance, is the postage of the Post. If your Postmaster asks more, he asks illegally.

Samuel. There is such an association, but we know nothing about it.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We design commencing in our next number, the following novelet:—

THE WITHERED HEART.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

At the conclusion of Mr. Arthur's novelet, the following will be given as rapidly as they can be published:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confessions," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

BETTING AND GAMBLING.

We see it stated that an act repealing the law against betting on elections has passed the Legislature of Louisiana, as well as an act repealing the law which prohibits Lotteries. We can hardly believe that such a backward step has been taken by any State of the American Union. Betting on elections, not only is immoral in itself, but is calculated to prevent a fair and unbiassed vote; while the Lottery system is one to enable shrewd but unprincipled men to abstract their hundreds of thousands from the pockets of the reckless and foolish, without giving anything in return. We trust, therefore, that the statement in question is unfounded, and that Louisiana still retains her position as the friend of morality and virtue.

VICE AND CRIME.

Many are beginning to inquire, why is it that such a flood of vice and crime seems of late to have been let loose upon the land? Now a large portion of these inquirers need go no further than their own houses, to have one answer to the question. If they take delight in reading demoralizing accounts of disgusting or brutal outrages—either real or fictitious—and allow the minds of their children to become familiarized with such gross and revolting details, they need not wonder that as "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge." The quotation is now a hackneyed one, that

> "Vice is a monster of such hideous mein,
> That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> *But seen too oft, familiar with its face,*
> *We first endure, then pity, then embrace!*"

Now the philosophy of the last two of the above lines is unquestionable. If you wish plenty of vice and crime, sow these long and minute details of lust and murder—real or fictitious, it scarcely matters which—you will have a plentiful crop before many years.

The good done by publishing in widely-circulated newspapers all the minutest details of loathsome and horrible deeds, is not one-hundredth part of the evil effected by it. Give every person accused of such guilt a fair and open trial—let all who have a personal interest in such cases, and all who have a morbid appetite for them, be in attendance—but do not fill the columns of the daily newspapers with such real abominations, or the columns of the weekly literary papers with fictitious cases of a similar character.

If husbands and fathers would but reflect for a moment, we think they would hesitate before carrying news and literary papers full of such reading, into the bosom of their families. Certainly every man must feel that such loathsome stuff is not fit to be placed in the hands of his wife and daughters—not that we will admit that it is at all suitable for the perusal of himself and his sons.

The good Book says, "You cannot touch pitch, and not be defiled." And by "pitch" it means such moral impurity as we are now treating of. If it becomes a man's duty to act as Counsel, Judge, or Juryman in such a case, that is one thing; the fact of its being a Duty may serve to counteract in some degree the danger of contagion. But no man who values the purity and integrity of his own soul at its proper worth, will endanger them to gratify a mere idle and morbid curiosity. Unprofitable reading all must grant it to be; occupying hours which might be devoted to the perusal of really instructive matter. But we should not find fault with it, were it simply unprofitable. There are times in which what is merely amusing and interesting, may be a solace and rest to the tired or troubled soul—when the weight of an intellectual feather seems a burden—and we wish merely to have our thoughts diverted from the cares and anxieties around us, by some interesting narrative, either real or fictitious.—Such reading, in which very little thought is required, often acts as a balm to the hurt or jaded mind. But there is no need or excuse for such corrupt reading as we are condemning. It is like a river of mud, from which the bather comes out more filthy than he went in. It makes but little difference that the events really happened—all "yellow-covered" literature is the same, whether real or imaginary. Think of the most corrupt novel you ever read, or glanced at—would it be any better reading, if it were not fictitious, but actual fact from the beginning to the end? Every sensible reader will see that the work would just be as corrupting in the one case as the other.

But we will not dilate upon the subject. It is sufficient at present to bring it to the attention of our readers and the public. Here they will see—in the kind of reading we have alluded to—the prolific seed of much of the vice and crime which seem of late let loose like a flood upon society.

"THE OPEWA."

A spasmodic attempt is now being made in this city to make the Italian opera fashionable and popular. Fashionable it may be made, but as for popular, that it never can become. The Italian Opera is popular in Italy, because the hearers understand what is being sung and acted; but the Italians have too clear a perception of the artistic and the natural, to endure the opera a single moment, if sung in a language which they could not understand. A certain class, however, among ourselves, will exclaim, "*chawming*," "*superb*," at passages whose meaning they have not the least conception of, except from the pantomime of the players. In fact, in this country, where there is no large class which understands Italian, the Opera is simply a musical pantomime—not particularly objectionable as a pretty show, somewhat to be commended for its pleasing and sometimes thrilling music, but worthy of no comparison with the legitimate drama. Rejoiced we shall be, when the attempt now making for its success, shall prove as abortive as all that have preceded it, and the Opera give place to something natural, intelligible, nervous, and genuine.

THE RESULT OF THE CORRUPTION CHARGES IN CONGRESS.—It will be noticed that Messrs. Gilbert, Edwards and Matteson, of New York, have resigned their seats, and that the charges against Mr. Welch, of Connecticut, were not considered sustained. It is not certain that the resolutions of expulsion against the three members who resigned would have passed, as it requires a vote of two-thirds to expel a member—but probably they thought it was best to avoid risking any such contingency. Mr. Matteson's note, which in our last was erroneously printed as being signed "O. Bell," instead of O. B. M.—in which he wants to know if "your ½ of the *factory* can be cut up and used to carry" a Minnesota Land Bill, is terrible evidence against him. The Washington correspondent of the North American, of this city, says:

Charity, if not pity, commands us to look with forbearance on those who have invoked the penalty of lasting and hopeless disgrace; but the fact cannot be disguised, that the case of Matteson, especially, has been notorious here for many years, as shamelessly defying every appearance of decency, in a profligate system of venal legislation. He has been the centre of an organized influence, enlisting some of the oldest and most accredited politicians of the State of New York and elsewhere, who have been adroit enough to escape detection now, but who are none the less marked as parts of a corrupt combination.

Mr. Simonton, of the New York *Times*, and Mr. Triplett, were expelled from the privilege of the floor as reporters. The Committee of Inquiry, on their part, seem to have erred in allowing any portion of the testimony to be erased from the record.

HOUSEKEEPING.

The old feud between the housekeepers and the servants continues, and the complaints on both sides are unabated. The difficulty of servants getting the proper places is only equalled by the difficulty of the places getting the proper servants. A great deal of the trouble is, undoubtedly, exaggerated and baseless. "Serve yourself," says the Spanish proverb, "and you are best suited with the serving." This is sage and sound. Nobody can be expected to do things for some people in the precise manner those people would wish to have them done.—Kitchen and chamber work are not yet reduced to the strict methods of mathematics. Another complaint is based not on the difference of servants' methods, but on the servants' deficiencies in point of temper and ability. But very often the housekeeper's expectations are too sanguine. Emerson tells a pointed story of meeting a gentleman in the cars, and, on inquiring where he was going, receiving the witty answer, "I am going up to town to get an angel to do the cooking." The anecdote very well illustrates the unreasonableness of some persons' desires in regard to the quality of their help. When human nature is so weak even in the parlor, it is unwise to look for perfection in the kitchen. At any rate, one should not expect to hire all the virtues embodied, for a dollar or a dollar and a half a week.

But, all this being said, there is, unquestionably, more real cause for complaint on the part of the housekeeper than the domestic can urge. People are certainly pestered with the incapacity and unintelligence of their servitors, and they are to be excused for becoming restive under the effects of these things. Yet, it must be said, that the domestics generally do quite as well as they know how, and though it is natural to be irritated by their inefficiency it is unjust to censure them when they do the best they can. The only wisdom in this instance, is to devise a practical remedy. If this cannot be done, let us keep cool, and bear our afflictions with good-humored fortitude. The inevitable fate should always be met with a smile. Scolding and scowling are good only for those evils which they can remove—and these are not many.

It is undeniable that our household miseries are commonly to be explained by the fact that a very low order of talent, executive ability, and natural capacity ordinarily are found in the domestics to whom so much of our comfort is confided. These persons are generally of the lowest social grade; how can we expect from such the high excellence which the ancient and honorable tasks of housekeeping demand? We take our servants from the lowest classes of intellect and ability—of course, we can't get them from the higher; and the evils which we have reason to expect at the outset are too often aggravated, and rendered greater, by making them work for us without recognition of their common humanity, without sympathy, without affection or ambition—for nothing but the hard pittance we dole out to them as their wages. Of course, the same natural law which regulates every business, regulates this. If a merchant treats his book-keeper like a dog—if he yields him no respect or kindness as his natural right, and assumes towards him a harsh, supercilious or dictatorial manner—he will be served with unwillingness, resentment, carelessness, without grace, alacrity, or pains. Treat your servant in the same way, and your returns will be the same. It is not in human nature to bear disgrace or degradation with cheerfulness and content. Great despotisms assume an aspect of the sublime which makes them respectable through awe or ignorance, but a small tyranny is always hated because always understood. Servitude which contains any remnant or privilege of freedom, is a condition, which makes its occupant sensitively alive to any slight or disrespect, asserted or implied. A domestic, unless extremely abject, will obey with less facility and care, an order given imperatively, than the same order couched in a request, and softened with a smile. These things being so, and in the constitution of things forever so, let those who have servants naturally incapable, indolent or dull, make them no worse by assuming this inferiority, but rather spur them to do their best by treating them with the kindly consideration due to them as human natures, freemen, children of one great family, and immortal souls. Christian kindness and courtesy are not too good for them. They will improve under the influence of the exercise of those virtues. We shall have our interests all the better served if we attach our servitors to us by some other bond than their necessity for wages. Better serving can be had for love than for money. The affairs of a household will run more smoothly when the domestics regard their employers with the respect, esteem, or affection born from the consciousness that their natural rights and feelings are recognized.

But it is possible to get a better class of servants than are now in the field, and the first measure towards such an end is to attack the contemptible folly which regards housework as necessarily menial and low. If the press of this country is worth anything—if it is in any sense what it continually claims to be, it will do a signal service to public morals, public health, public needs, and the Democratic idea on which our society should rest, by bombarding this bedlam nonsense, which affronts the reason. The notion that kitchen and chamber work is degrading and low, was the invention of a sickening snobbery, copied by a class of fools from the insanity of Europe. A certain social caste, with which this country is unfortunately cursed, known with sad satire as "our best society," has given credit by its own example to the infamous and witless idea, that this form of honest labor is socially vulgar. We are to have an army of servile flunkeys here, because such exists in Europe. The mischief which these foolish people have thus done, extends through all classes of the community. A contagion which was once confined to a minority of fashionable addlepates, has spread even among sensible people. The daughters of women whose accomplished housewifery was their matron pride and maiden dower, disdain to put their hands to the household labor, infected with the lies of its vulgarity! All around us are thousands of women now wives and mothers, and thousands more that expect to be so, who know virtually nothing about housekeeping, and are therefore not only unable to perform the common operations of kitchen and chamber work themselves, but are incapable of superintending those operations in the hands of hired servants, much less of instructing their ignorance. Kitchen and chamber work are low—only fit for "servants"—unbecoming a lady! These are the articles of the belief which is now promulgated. Therefore, nobody learns to do housework; the comfort of the home is at the mercy of the hireling; housekeeping becomes so intolerable that families break up and emigrate to hotels; negligent, ignorant and wasteful servants bear undisputed sway, and there is nobody to teach them better than they know; and if such a person occurs, and undertakes the task of instruction, the servant with bad habits fossilized into obstinate prejudices in favor of the wrong way, refuses to be set right, quotes the usages of the house she lived in last where nobody knew anything, and promptly leaves her place in dignified dudgeon, sure of finding another with another nobody! Thus the few good housewives have to suffer for the ignorance and folly of the multitude of bad ones. The worst consequences of this prevalent low estimate of healthy and honorable housework, has not been stated—cannot be stated. People are naturally imitative; the opinion or example of an influential class is copied, consciously and unconsciously, by society. We have known women to toil at the household work like galley-slaves, fearing to let their daughters contaminate their fine ladyship by assisting them in those useful and noble duties. Meanwhile the poor, silly girls who suffered such an injury, were fitting themselves in the fripperies and follies of fashion for future misery, and fostering in themselves the quick seeds of incurable disease or premature death. The whole thing is shameful. Our American girls—yes, even the lowest, the most ignorant, the mere hands of the sex—can hardly be driven by starvation to do house-work! They will kill themselves in factories, they will slave in shops and stores, they will toil over unpaid slop-work, they will be driven upon the town, but they will not stoop to the degradation of house-work for wages. Even the daughters in the family who do work in the kitchen and chambers, are, in one-half the instances, ashamed to own it, though done in their own homes. So much for the contagion of a bad example set by an aristocracy that sprang from the counter or the kennel! We cannot—much as we deplore their ignoble lack of independence—we cannot entirely blame our young women for not breaking away from this tyrannous folly. While domestic service is so generally held degrading, it is only human nature that drives young women into every pernicious trade, to escape it. We know how strong is the despotism of a popular custom or idea. But it is time for the strength of this to be broken.

When public opinion changes, all this will change. But who will be the pioneer of public opinion? No matter where the work begins—with the housekeeper or the help—there will be the nucleus of a salutary and needed reform.—Every wife that learns how her own housework should be done, learns to do it herself, and teaches her help how to do it properly, sets a noble example, does a good deed, and is a benefactor to society. One well-taught servant will teach, in some degree, every ignorant housekeeper that she serves. Every young American girl that has the sense to perceive that household labor is at once healthful and useful, and, if well performed, honorable, and has the courage to shun the narrow range of unwholesome employments in which so many women are buried, and seek this, commanding respect and affection by the quickness, the intelligence, the fidelity and the self-respect which she brings to her new employments, does a real and lasting service to her sex and to society, by elevating a despised calling, opening in her own example a new avenue of labor, raising the wages of such service by making the service valuable, and proving that the humblest sphere of action becomes great and beautiful by being filled worthily. Young women send us poor stories and sketches every week, striving foolishly to commence a literary life, for which they are not fitted by nature, health, experience, discipline or education, and which they would find to be the saddest and sorest drudgery; others are wearing out life and happiness at school-teaching; others sickening and sapping their existence at factory-work, shop work; all, possessed by the mania for "genteel" or "respectable" employments, are plunging into such despairs as these. We tell them that it is a great mistake; that they are shunning the very avocations they should not shun; that household labors are more healthy, more respectable, more useful, and will secure them more happiness, than those in which they waste, or seek to waste, their lives. Setting aside the fact that none but persons of great natural vigor or robust health, should undertake mental or sedentary occupations, we come at once upon the great lie that stigmatizes housework as mean or low. We declare such work perfectly honorable and highly respectable; we say that its performance demands a high order of ability; we aver that in the hands of a capable and tasteful woman, it becomes an art, and overflows with elegance and beauty. The beautiful and able soul will shed the charm and color of romance even on the toils of the scullery. We have had folly and fustian on this topic about long enough. It is time to say that work which is useful, healthful, and capable of calling in play both skill and science, is work fit for any lady. It is also time to say that worth and usefulness are the signs of the true aristocracy, and that every labor, however common or unclean, becomes transfigured by being performed well. Chores cease to seem vulgar when done with a conscientious mind, a skilful hand, and an unabashed, glad spirit. True old George Herbert tells us that

> "Who sweeps a room as by God's laws,
> Makes that, and the action, fine."

Let it be remembered.

ONE OF THE PARTIES.

Dr. S. P. Townsend, a New York millionaire of sarsaparilla celebrity—whether the genuine old Jacob, or the bogus new one, we cannot say, *perhaps both in one*—recently gave a splendid party at his residence, as we see by the reporter's account in a New York paper. The following is said to have been the form of the cards of invitation:—

Mrs. S. P. Townsend
Requests the pleasure of ——— ———'s
Company on Tuesday Evening, February 24th, at 9 o'clock
Dancing in the Drawing-Rooms.
Panorama of the Hudson River in the Theatre and Picture Gallery.
Parlor in the Second Story for Conversation, etc.
Parlors in the Third and Fourth Stories for Whist Parties.
Music will commence at 9 o'clock.
Dancing at 10 o'clock.
Supper at 11½ o'clock.
Panomma will move from 10 to 1 o'clock.
Carriages at 12, 1 and 2 o'clock.

The invitations are stated to have been issued on "Democratic" principles, to people of all "sets," "classes" and "conditions," and the party is chronicled as a great success. Notwithstanding two parlors were devoted to whist, only one pack of cards is said to have been in use the whole evening. No wines or other spirituous liquors were given.

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

We have news from Europe, by the steamship Niagara, at Halifax, to the 14th of February. The Collins steamer Atlantic, and the Cunard steamer Persia, arrived at Liverpool on the 13th, having made the run in a little over nine days, which is tolerably fast sailing.

Parliament naturally felt some interest in a recent flip flap of Lord Palmerston's. On Tuesday the Noble Lord denied positively that a secret treaty existed between France and Austria, guaranteeing to Austria her possessions in Italy; and on Friday, the Noble Lord admitted that it did exist, and had been signed, but said that it was purely military and non political, and virtually a dead letter. This admission brought up Mr. Disraeli, who charged the Noble Lord with a misstatement of facts, to which the Noble Lord replied charging Mr. Disraeli with a misstatement of facts. This being the climax of hostilities in that well bred British Parliament, the subject was then dropped. In our own free and happy country, such a dispute in the National Senate would have been only the prelude to raving personalities, which, haply, would have culminated in a fisticuff fight or the out-flashing of bowie knives.

In Parliament, recently, Mr. Richard Cobden gave notice that he would move *first*, that the House has heard with concern of the conflicts which have occurred between the British and Chinese authorities on the Canton river, and without expressing any opinion as to how far the Chinese Government afforded a cause of complaint by the non fulfillment of the treaty of 1842, considers that the papers laid on the table fail to establish satisfactory grounds for the violent proceedings resorted to in the case of the Arrow. Secondly, that a select committee be appointed to inquire into the state of the British commercial relations with China. It is to be hoped that some justice and mercy to the Chinese may grow out of Mr. Cobden's movement in this matter.

The Income Tax in Great Britain has been reduced to the amount at which it stood before the war, a measure which cannot fail to give general satisfaction to the people who have incomes.

On Feb. 12th, a madman rushed at the French Empress in Paris. He was instantly arrested, says the account, but "no arms were found upon him," and he declared that his intention was "merely to *embrace* her"—a difficult operation, we should think, if "no *arms* were found upon him!"

The Conference on the Neufchatel matter is to meet at Paris in March.

Persia is in a ferment. The Shah and the Priesthood are reported to have quarrelled.—Rumors of conspiracy and insurrection prevail. The French *Moniteur* newspaper, however, says there is no trouble. The British still occupy Bushire, and the Government is preparing to despatch reinforcements.

Latest dates from China, report the destruction of all the foreign buildings at Hong Kong. That eminent British Christian, Admiral Seymour, had been throwing red-hot shot into Canton, but, at the latest account, had ceased these efforts at the evangelization of the Chinese, and was occupied in strengthening his own position. The Chinese threaten, it is said, to burn down Hong Kong. British troops had been sent for from India. The bad feeling which the ungrateful Cantonese cherish for their benevolent bombarders, is spreading to the other Chinese ports. Two lorchas were recently captured by the Chinamen from the English. It is rumored that the Emperor desires peace, as well he may. Indeed, such has been the desire of all the Chinese officials from the beginning. They never invited hostilities, and did all in their power to prevent Consul Parkes, and the others, from commencing them.

Meanwhile, the French have been fortunate enough to find cause for complaint against the Chinese Government, which, properly urged, may prove very lucrative to the complainants. To demand reparation for certain alleged offences and cruelties lately endured by the Catholic missionaries, in violation of treaty, and particularly for the murder of the missionary Chapdelaine, the French Emperor, who, as everybody knows, is the firm and faithful friend of virtue, and does not believe that anybody ought to be killed, even in a *coup d'etat*, has sent as Envoy to the Chinese Emperor, Rear Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, who had the command of the marine batteries at Sevastopol. The Rear Admiral is to apply directly to the Emperor, and have nothing to do with the Chinese officials. The result of his mission, and the amount of emolument which will be derived from it, remain to be narrated hereafter.

SCENE IN A COURT ROOM.

A letter from Portland, Me., referring to the trial of Knight, for the murder of his wife, now progressing, says:—"Although the day has been stormy, the court room has been crowded, a very large number of whom were ladies. The ladies, both old and young, brieg knitting, crochet, and sewing work with them, and the ball presents (aside from the trial) quite a busy appearance."

We admire the industry of these Portland ladies, but cannot commend their refinement and delicacy. We know that the ladies of ancient Rome used to frequent the gladiatorial shows, and the torture of the Christians by wild beasts; and that the ladies of Spain, even now, consider it fine amusement to witness a bull-fight; but these precedents are not exactly suitable ones for American ladies to follow, even at a respectful distance. If the Maine ladies progress in the direction above stated, we shall soon have them engaging seats—taking their sewing and crochet work along, of course,—to witness a hanging.

A PROFANE POSTMASTER.—The postmaster at Versailles, Illinois, having returned a copy of the *New York Evangelist* with an intimation to have it stopped, coupled with an oath, the proprietors wrote to the Postmaster General in relation to his conduct. The Department whereupon answered as follows:—

If the Postmaster, who has been called on for an explanation, is found to be guilty of this act, which meets with the unqualified condemnation of the Postmaster General, prompt measures will be taken to prevent his repeating it.

Please accept the thanks of the Department for calling attention to it.

THE TREATY WITH MEXICO.—This treaty is said to contain no cession of land, but a scheme by which this country is to lend Mexico fifteen millions of dollars, secured by a certain per centage on her revenues. The main advantage of it appears to be, that Mexico would not be able to pay in money when pay day comes, and thus would have to give territory in place of the hard cash. The Treaty is said to be regarded unfavorably by the Administration, and will not even be submitted to the Senate.

INSURANCE.—Tuckett's Monthly Insurance Journal is the name of a record of Finance, Banks, Investments, Speculations, Insurance Companies, and other institutions and subjects belonging to business affairs generally. It is edited and published by Mr. William Hadde 53 South Third street, Philadelphia, and appears to be a paper at once valuable and interesting to business men.

☞ Mr. A. H. J., at Mt. Pulaski, Illinois says:—

"For myself, being deprived of the Po even for a week, is worse than losing my dinn for the same time: as I always consider fo for the mind more precious than that for t body—especially when it consists of such e quisite morsels as are to be found in your jou nal."

☞ "Zounds, fellow!" exclaimed a choler old gentleman to a very phlegmatic matter-o fact person, "I shall go out of my wits "Well, you won't have far to go," said t phlegmatic man.

☞ A young widow in New Orleans, bein asked after her husband's health, answere with a soft, quiet smile, "He is dead, I than you!"

☞ Men want restraining as well as propelling power. The good ship is provided wi anchors as well as sails.

☞ "Jack," said a gentleman to an ol negro, who was rather busily engaged in cle ing the snow from his premises—"Jack, my o boy, you don't get along with this job very fast. "Why, master," replied Jack, scratching wool, "pretty considerable for an old ma guess; and I conceit myself that I can more snow away in dese here short days, the spryest nigga in this city could do in longest summer day as ever was."

☞ There is no worse robber than a book.—*Italian proverb.*

☞ "No one," says Plato, "ever preten to make shoes without having learned the ness. Yet no man appears to despair of talents in the art of government, though he never applied his thoughts to that most diffic of all arts till the instant in which he commence his nice and difficult occupation."

☞ "Is Mrs. M——— in?" "No, sir, she' not at home." "Sorry for that, as I owe he some money, and have called to pay it. When—' Voice from over the balustrade,—"Oh, I am in! To be sure I am! Why, Sally, you stupi girl, didn't you know that? Ask the gentlema to walk in. I'll be down directly, sir."

☞ He who disdains to look after the ec nomy of his home and the habits of his se vants, will require some more assured sour of income than the work of his own hands.

☞ A great curse of American society is th folly, or, in many instances, rather the crime, appearance making. How many a ruined famil might be well doing and happily circumsta but for this folly! how many a crime w never have been committed if it had not be for this social curse!

☞ An angry woman in a room is as bad a lighted cracker, for when she goes off, the no stopping her, and when she does go out, is sure to be with a bang.

☞ A man who was recently prosecuted fo an infringement of a patent for setting teeth wit continuous mineral gum, produced as evidenc a set of teeth worn by Aaron Burr, which wer made in precisely the same manner as the on specified in the complaint. He won his cau

☞ COMFORT FOR THE CORPULENT.—No m can think small beer of himself when he is w aware that he is stout.

☞ THE DIFFERENCE.—The Troy Daily Tim says that the likeness of Mrs. Cunningha given in certain newspapers, is that of "Veiled Murderess" slightly altered. thought it was Polly Bodine.

☞ An English writer classifies old mai and bachelors as "solitary mature men women who have nothing happening to them

☞ A sailor, looking serious in a chapel Boston, was asked by a minister if he felt a change? "Not a cent," said Jack.

☞ The Evening Post tells of a little boy w asked:—"Mamma, is a *fortress* a she for This is equal to the literalist who said the woman was sometimes called a *mistress* to pu *stress* on what had been a *miss*.

☞ It is stated by Xenophon that the Sp tan troops were uniformly clothed in red, by direction of Lycurgus, in order to prevent soldiers from perceiving their loss of blood, the enemy from discovering their wunn Query. Is that the reason why the British diers dress in red?

PREPARATIONS FOR THE INAUGURATION. The platform to accommodate the thousan who will assemble at the foot of the east fro of the Capital on the 4th inst., to witne the inauguration ceremonies conveniently a comfortably, is being rapidly erected. Its er tion is made necessary by the fact that t space usually occupied by the crowd on su occasions, is now covered by a heterogeneo mass of marble blocks, many of them de cately ornamented, indeed, which must be th protected from injury from the hands and fe of the twenty or thirty thousand curious a eager persons who, on that occasion, will moving around, among, and on them. The ere tion of this immense platform will enable all see the ceremonies much better than ev before. Its supports are evidently ampl though a fall from it could do no injury, it is not more than three feet from the groun if so high.

MR. BUCHANAN.—The President elect s suite left Lancaster, Penna., for Washington March 2nd, at 8 o'clock, A. M., in a spec train. The day was stormy with wind and sno The city turned out to witness his departu which took place amidst the ringing of the b and the booming of cannon. He arrived Baltimore at one o'clock, and was received the depot by a great concourse of citizens, w conducted him to the City Hotel in processio The present Cabinet are prepared to disperse Judge Campbell's family have already remove to Philadelphia. Mr. Marcy will remain month or so, entertaining President Pierce a his guest. Mr. Davis will return to Mississipp after the Executive Session. Mr. Guthrie wi go at once to Kentucky, and the other membe immediately to their respective homes.

THE GRAPE CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA is larg and increasing. In ten counties 12,857,22 pounds of grapes were produced last year, an this year the total will be 14,000,000. Fro this crop the city of Los Angeles makes 150,0 gallons of wine, and 6,000 gallons of brandy.

ANCIENT QUACK MEDICINES.—It will appea from the following, copied from the records Massachusetts, that the early fathers of the com monwealth were more severe upon quacks tha we are: "Nich. Knopp is fined five shillings f taking upon him to cure the scurvey by a wat of no worth nor value, which he sold at a ver dear rate; to be imprisoned till he pay his fin or give security for it, or else to be whippe and shall be liable to any man's action of wha he hath received money for the said water."

New Publications.

...E OF SUMMER. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. ...icknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

It is always easier to point out the faults of a ...formance than to properly direct attention to ...merits. But easy as fault finding generally ...it is more than usually easy with regard to ...s book of poems, in which the faults are ...glaringly evident. English huntsmen, it is ...d, when they wish to draw the hounds off the ...nt, drag a herring across the field. The ...tic on the trail of Mr. Stoddard's merits, can...t but be distracted from his legitimate pur...it by the interpolated odor of sensualism and ...lliness which lies through the volume. The ...neral tone of Mr. Stoddard's previous book of ...se (which certainly contained fine poetry,) ...s markedly objectionable both in point of ...ste and morality, and induced us to privately ...ish that his poetry might

"By
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast,
Move upward, working out the beast,"

...l be in future, less pagan and profane. We ...ret to see that the objectionable things in ...at volume are white compared with those in ...s. There are poems here which we think no ...man would wish to read to a woman, and ...fact is a sad and sufficient criticism. A ...uneasiness, in several instances hardened to ...nuality, crops out more or less obviously in ...ent parts of the volume. The great merits ...such a composition as "The Grape Gather...cannot hoodwink us into blindness of ...fact that its staple is the sin of lust. ...s little drama of this particular poem is, undoubtedly true enough to Italy, but Mr. Stod...should remember that the Italian vice he ...ats with such piquant levity, once made ...a song flash out like a sword. The true ...is the eternal friend of virtue, and he can...notice sin except to scathe. Yet the gilded ...rseness of "The Grape Gatherers," is ...referable to the gross bad taste and naked in...ecency of portions of that farrago of fuss and ...lly, bathos and balderdash, triteness and tur...dity, conceit, affectation, shallowness, and ...maliness, which we find in this volume un...r the title of "The Burden of Unrest," and ...hich Bombastes Furioso, in love with Blowsa...da, might have written when the wit was out ...d the wine was in. It is a pity if Mr. Stod...rd had no friend to advise the suppression of ...s metrical disgrace, and doubly pitiful if ...e himself could not see that it is morally re...olting, as well as artistically absurd. Such ...nsualism as this poem contains is the worst ...the only unpardonable fault of his mind, and ...s tell him so frankly and kindly. Such things ...ot pass without challenge and rebuke.

...philosophy of the poems so far as they ...ve a philosophy, is not cultured and noble, ...is evident that he has not yet grasped ...se in ...rnest, or learned that songs are ...t only for the ...anquet, but for the bivouac and the battle. He ...oes beyond his present possibilities when he tries ...o embody deep feelings and truths in his verse. ...His life and experience have not fitted him for ...uch tasks. Thus the most serious of the ...oems are spasmodic, artificial and perturbed, ...ot clear and sweet like some of his unstrained, ...imple songs. This is not so much a fault as it ...s a fact, which added years of life may correct ...r remove. As yet he is only half-emancipated ...om the despotism of the poetry he admires. ...His tendency is to imitation and plagiarism.—...is phrases, images, fancies, the tones of his ...ngs, and their metrical forms, are often bor...wed from Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Brown...g, Barry Cornwall, Leigh Hunt, and the minor ...lizabethan and modern German poets. The ...ngs "A few frail Summers had touched thee," ...The Sea," "At Rest," and some others, beau...ful as they are, have the tones and tinges of ...rry Cornwall. The "Song of the Sea ...ens," recalls Tennyson's "Sea Fairies"—...d such pieces as "Rattle the Window, ...inds," "The Moon on the Spire," "By the ...rgent of the Sea," or the "Sicilian Pasto...," with all their excellencies and original ...uits, yet, either in feeling, sentiment, diction ...metre, pester the memory with suggestions ...the same author. The "Search for Perse...one," and the "Choric Hymn" are in the ...od and method of Keats. "The Children's ...ayer" and "the Stork and the Ruby," recall ...similar manner Leigh Hunt. Many of the ...tle dramatic poems are very Browningish in ...eir way of implying a tragedy or a foregone ...in of circumstances. Then we have resem...nces, more or less defined, to Heine, Uhland, ...nstatine Grun, and other of the German ...oets, and to such bards as Sir Thomas Wyatt, ...en Jonson, and the like. Mr. Stoddard is ...robably unconscious of these things. They ...mply show that in his writing he has been ...anted by his reading. In many instances his ...ute yields music altogether his own, but more ...ften the strain is a fantasia on some well-known ...elody.

Instances of direct plagiarism are not a few. ...Back-looking Memory and prophet Hope" ...sings Mrs. Browning. "Backward looking Me...mory and forward-looking Hope" echoes Mr. ...Stoddard. "Through the street the tide of ...being, how it surges, how it rolls!" exclaims ...Alexander Smith, himself an incredible pla...iarist. "In the dusty, crowded streets, how ...he ocean of existence on the stony pavement ...beats"—paraphrases Mr. Stoddard. "The sil...ver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide"—chants ...ats. "A snarling, silver moan," repeats ...Mr. Stoddard, transposing the epithets, in his ...escription of organ music. "She turned, her ...bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs," ...sings Tennyson. "And my heart leaped up ...within me in a sudden storm of sighs," returns ...Mr. Stoddard. Such things as these could ...hardly have been accidental. If they are not, ...they are wrong, and foolish, and self-injurious ...besides.

These seem to us Mr. Stoddard's chief faults, ...and he can correct them all. It is with more ...pleasure that we touch upon the merits of his ...poetry. Some of the songs for instance, ...those entitled, "There are gains for all our ...losses," and "A few frail summers had touch...ed thee" have an exquisite and delicate pathos, ...and an airy, vanishing music and perfume, which ...prove rare and true power in their author. Such ...hits as "The sky is a drinking cup," and "You ...may drink to your leman's in gold," although ...slight, are brilliant and magical flashes of pure ...fancy. The pieces called "The Falcon," "A ...Serenade," "Summer and Autumn," and some ...others in the same strain, are not only beautiful, but genuine. These are from the poet's ...heart and not from his books. What a truth of ...autumn is this:—

"But the autumn days, so calm and sober,
Steeped in a dreamy haze,
When the uplands all with harvests shine,
And we drink the wind like a fine, cool wine,
Ah! those are the best of days!"

Reading the italicised line, is like standing on some breezy hill or plain, inhaling copious draughts of the delicious and exhilarating autumn air! What is true of the poems above cited, is also true of such as "Dead Leaves," "The Demon of Music," "Wrecks of Cloud," "November," "The First Snow," "Miserrimus," "The Serenade of Ma-han-shan," (a Chinese piece,) "The Sledge at the Gate," and others. The first two of these above mentioned, are wierdly sweet; the thought in "The Demon of Music" being especially fine, and almost awful in its suggestiveness. "Wrecks of Cloud" and the "First Snow," are exquisite in scenic vividness and tender, yet diverse, feeling. The personification of November in the poem of that name, is apt, and of great significance and beauty. "Miserrimus" is a monody on Edgar A. Poe. Its ghastly and gorgeous images and shadowy solemnity, accord well with the theme, while its spirit is touching and noble. As a poem, it seems to us Mr. Stoddard's best. It shows more true power than anything else he has done. The Chinese Serenade is full of dainty and fantastical beauty. It is perfectly Eastern in its bizarre and brilliant fancy. Some of the longer poems, especially "Dictimus" and "The Abdication of Noman" are fine, and deserve a disquisition on their merits which our space forbids. The sheen and shadow of the summer are in all these poems. Whatever their faults—and these we have spoken of with plainness—their excellence is unquestionable and rare, and they make the author's title to his laurel more sure. A young man still, Mr. Stoddard has it in his power to write poems worthier than even the worthiest of these, and if he will but be true and simple, avoiding those sonorous strains which are not, we hope, natural to him, his songs will be heard "far off in summers that we shall not see."

XENOPHON'S ANABASIS. With Explanatory Notes. By JAMES R. BOISE, Professor of Greek in the University of Michigan. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

We have here the celebrated work of one of the noblest of the old Greek historians. It is not a translation, but a reprint of the original Greek, from the text of F. K. Hertlein, and is designed for the use of colleges and schools. Kiepert's Map, showing the entire route of the Ten Thousand, accompanies the edition, which is also enriched with copious explanatory notes. The type is clear and beautiful, and every pains seems to have been taken to make the work permanently valuable.

THE GOLDEN LEGACY. A Story of Life's Phases. By A LADY. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," is the lesson written, as with sunlight, on these pleasant pages. The purpose and spirit of the story is good, and it has passages of undeniable power. It will be read with interest and pleasure.

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO POLITENESS AND FASHION. By HENRY LUBETTER. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This work contains the rules of etiquette, directions for the formation of character and manners, and may be read with profit. It is enlivened by many anecdotes, and is blithe and chatty in style.

THE SISTERS OF SOLEURE. A Tale of the Sixteenth Century. By C. S. W. Published and for sale by Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

An anti-Catholic story, located in a period following the death of Zwingle and the persecution of the Vaudois, and deriving much of its color from those events.

LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE, and other Stories of the Heart. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A volume of Mrs. Hentz's pleasant stories, uniform with Mr. Peterson's edition of her works.

NEW EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are celebrated for the skill and taste displayed in the style of their publications. We had occasion, a short time since, to speak praisefully of the beautiful manner in which they had issued the poems of Tennyson and Longfellow. Even more beautiful is the specimen we have seen of their new edition of the Waverley Novels. The paper is white and fine; the type clear and bold; the volumes are eminently convenient and portable; and to crown all, they are to be enriched and beautified with steel engravings from pictures by such distinguished artists as Darley, Birket Foster, Landseer, Harvey and Faed. We have never seen any American edition of Sir Walter Scott's works that could compare with this in elegance, cheapness, and general comprehension of all the essential elements necessary to well-published books. It will be an ornament, as well as a treasure, to any household library. The number of the volumes will be forty eight, and the whole may be had for thirty-six dollars.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS AND DISCOVERIES DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, (Miller, Orton & Mulligan, New York, for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.,) is the title of a work by Samuel Smucker, A. M., which gives a detailed account of the several Expeditions to the Polar Seas, both English and American, from those of Ross and Parry to the final attempt of Dr. Kane. It is useful as a condensed summary of the various Arctic explorations, and has many graphic pages of adventure in those strange and ghastly tracts of everlasting ice and snow, over which howls the hyperborean storm, or broods the long darkness, or the dim, pale sunlight, of the frozen zone.

THE PIOUS MOTHER AND HER DUTIFUL DAUGHTER, AND THE LOST FOUND, are the titles of stories issued by the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. They belong to two series of works by the same author, one known as "The Davenport Stories," the other as "Tales for the Young." The author has designed them as practical implements of moral education. The advantages of early religious training is the staple of one and the other, the scene of which is principally laid in British India, is written to show that any true and sincere Christian, however humble, may be practically a missionary to the unconverted.

THE ECONOMICAL COOK AND HOUSE BOOK, by Elizabeth Nicholson, (published and for sale by Willis P. Hazard, Philadelphia,) comes to us in a second edition, revised and enlarged, and finds favor in our eyes. It is inexpensive—half a dollar will buy it—convenient in size, contains none but tested receipts, and will materially assist the operations of housekeeping.

THE MEMORIAL; With Circular and Questions of the Episcopal Commission, Report of the Commission, etc. With an Introduction by Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D. E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

Paris Letter.

EXECUTION OF VERGER—A CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION DECIDED—GLIMPSES OF AN AFRICAN WINTER—A NEW LINE, AND AN OLD JEALOUSY—THE SCULPTOR AND THE BEAR DOGS UPON TRIAL.

PARIS, Feb. 29, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Notwithstanding the efforts of the clergy to prevent the execution of Verger, the civil arm has triumphed, and the murderer of the Archbishop has been executed in the Place de la Roquette. Nothing was known of the fate of the unhappy criminal; but the few passers having seen the workmen busy in erecting the guillotine after midnight of Thursday last, no less than ten thousand persons had assembled by eight next morning to witness the execution.

The question of the right to distribute electoral bulletins without the previous sanction of the municipal authorities, pendant at the date of my last, has also been decided, but in the negative, by the Court of Cassation. As the Government possesses so completely the power of turning the elections as it pleases, by external pressure, and by the control of the ballot-boxes, it is almost strange that it should have put so undisguised an extinguisher on the possibility of freedom on electoral matters; but the very fact of the interest felt in the question, and the opinions, so plainly expressed, of the legal authorities, probably have made the ruler of France perceive that this arm, if left within popular reach, would be turned against him, and he has therefore quashed the germ of constitutional resistance alluded to in my last. But of the wisdom of thus proving to his adversaries that he will allow them no chance of modifying his action save by violence, time will no doubt have something to say.

For three days past we have been favored with the coldest weather we have been called upon to endure this winter; a few degrees lower, and we should see the Seine frozen over as it was early in the spring of 1854, and the visions of sleighing which have been "trolling" in the heads of the Parisians ever since the Peace has restored them to their old footing of affectionate intimacy with the Russians, would stand some chance of being realized.

The delightful temperature enjoyed at this season in Algiers is tempting numbers of French and English lovalids to that half-civilized, but beautiful and promising country. From Paris to the town of Algor, the most desirable point for a winter's bivouacking, the cost of the journey—first class places and hotels—is but $50; and if economy be an object with the traveller, the journey can be done for a good deal less, especially if said traveller be of the masculine gender.

The sail across the Mediterranean is done in from three to five days, according to the weather. The town, built on a hill, commands one of the finest sea-views in existence; around it is a wide expanse of cultivated land, varied with tropical foliage; and behind it towers a range of lofty mountains, whose highest peaks are clothed in perpetual snow.

The occupation of the French is leading to a growing intermixture of European buildings, costumes, and arrangements; but the Arab element is still predominant, and the picturesqueness of Algerian life is still unimpaired. A colony of over sixty English families, and another almost as numerous, of French ones, have established themselves in that sunny city to escape from northern cold; and consumptive or delicate temperaments are now being shipped thither from England and the north of France, as formerly to Nice and Madeira.

From a charming family of Londoners, now there for the health of the father and one of the daughters, I often get vivid glimpses of the shining, out-of-doors life, led by them in that "happy land," where, while we are shaking and shivering here by the fire, or resolutely taking out-door exercise from a sense of duty, in furs and blue noses, my young friends are riding or walking for miles in the cool of the morning, hunting up romantic points for sketching, which they afterwards visit in an *Araba*, well supplied with the requisite materials spending day after day in rambling on the shore, enjoying the softest sea-breezes, and picnicing, in short petticoats and broad-brimmed hats, among the hills. A young poetess, a friend of theirs and of mine, many of whose poems have found their way into the columns of the *Saturday Evening Post*, has just taken flight from foggy and smoky London, and has joined them in their Algerian wanderings.

"We have had nearly a month of bad weather," writes the poetess, "an infliction such as nobody in Algiers seems ever to have known here before; and the storms of rain and hail have made a fearful row on the glass sky light over our central court for our house is built in Moorish fashion. But in fine weather, such as we are now enjoying, this is the most enchanting place you can imagine. We are out of doors all day long; Mary and Emma, (who is wonderfully better) and Lizzie, are getting stacks of sketches to draw from on our return to London; and as for me, while they are busy sketching, I lie beside them under the shadow of the palms on the plain, or of the hills further inland, gazing up into the shining blue over head, and scribble verses that the dear public may read, if they choose, by-and bye. In the town itself we have lots of romantic things going; oranges, violets, roses, camels, Arabs, Turks, Moors, Jews incarcerated females called Ayesha, Fatima, &c., and a good deal of the philanthropic such as nuns, native schools, *creches* on the Paris plan for the babies, and so on. Of all of which I have been sending home batches of descriptions to the English periodicals."

The attraction which the "sunny south" has always had for the inhabitants of colder climes, will no doubt hasten the civilizing processes of which the former are so much in need; and the overland railway to India by the Euphrates, which has just been authorized by the Sultan, can hardly fail to induce a great development of winter emigration to warmer regions. This new line will begin on the coast of Syria, seven miles from the river Orontes; a natural port on this spot, will be improved so as to furnish an excellent roadstead. From this point the line will run to Killis, a commercial town of eleven thousand inhabitants, to Antioch, and to Aleppo. From the latter point, the iron way will follow the course of the Euphrates, as far as the Castle of Jaber, to the south of Babylon, between Hilla and Semaouna; thence to Bassorah, where it will enter Persia, and where it will turn the left shore of the Persian Gulf, and on to Schiraz, crossing Beloochistan, to Heydera bad in the Deccan. Such is the plan of this colossal undertaking, which will enable the traveller to make one continuous ride from the Syrian coast to the heart of British India, a distance of about four thousand English miles.

The concession of the territory through which the line will pass, is only obtained as far as Jaber on the Euphrates; the portion of the route running through Persia can only be obtained when peace shall have been restored between that country and Great Britain. The estimates for the Turkish portion amount to £1,400,000; the Porte has guaranteed an interest of six per cent. on this capital, with a clause stipulating that, should the profits exceed seven per cent., the overplus is to be divided equally between the Turkish Government and the Railway Company. The latter, however, has the right of opening certain branches at stated points, which will be an additional source of profit.

Persia, when once the present difficulty, excited by Russia, shall have been terminated, will no doubt hasten to inaugurate a work destined to carry the stream of Modern Improvement through her semi-barbarous country.

Colonel Chesney, who is at the head of the new company, has been engaged for ten years in making the necessary explorations in Syria, Persia, and in the Persian Gulf, at the cost of the East India Company. These sovereign rulers of British India have taken the project under their protection, from the first; have assumed the responsibility of the shares, and are prepared to give it their entire support.

The French, who had set their hearts on the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez, are excessively angry at the successful termination of the preliminary measures for the Euphrates line; and their journals are loudly declaring that, while the route through Suez would have been "a matter of universal interest and benefit," the one by the Euphrates is of "exclusively British interest, incapable of serving the commercial development of any other people." In point of fact, these outcries are simply the expression of their vexation at seeing a project destined to bring all the Indian trade to Marseilles, set aside for another which will carry this rich current through other countries instead of France. The cutting of the Isthmus is as yet a magnificent scheme of doubtful practicability in the eyes of the leading English engineers; and as English skill and English capital would have been needed as usual, to take the lead in the enterprise, it is natural that England, the most practical country under the sun, should insist on the adoption of a plan of recognized possibility, rather than of one which offers many difficulties regarded by the highest engineering authorities as insurmountable in the present state of mechanical and engineering skill;—natural, also, that England, to whom a safe and direct access to India is of vital importance, should prefer a route independent of France, to one which this country, in case of any sudden change of policy, could close against her at a moment's notice.

Unfortunately, this charming people, whom it is impossible to live among without loving them for their many delightful personal qualities, and without getting out of patience with them twenty times a day for their absurd prejudices, fixed ideas, and petty despotisms, as a nation, have become so used to looking upon the Anglo-Saxons as the incarnation of selfishness and commercial greed, and upon themselves as the "sun-nation," destined to guide and renovate the rest of the world, that they cannot see that the former are everywhere spanning rivers, tunnelling mountains, opening roads, founding colonies, perfecting machinery, and pushing forward the material basis of "better times" for the whole human race, while they themselves are content to waste their energies in propounding brilliant theories, and killing one another in the streets for the honor of the same.

The Academy of Fine Arts has elected the painter, Delacroix, as member of its Committee, in place of Delaroche, whose death has just made so sensible a gap in the circle of French Art. Great activity reigns just now in most of the *ateliers* of Paris; and report speaks highly of the forthcoming productions of the pencil and chisel destined to sustain the honor of France in next summer's exhibition. Meantime, a comical story is going the rounds, in which one of the most renowned of the sculptors now preparing so busily for the coming *tournay*, figures as the principal hero. This gentleman, who is possessed of great physical strength, and, moreover, is very proud of the same, was sauntering, dressed in a blouse, a week or two ago, along the Barriere de Fontainebleau—a portion of the outskirts of this lively town famous for all manner of shows, mountebanks, and other cheap and popular marvels. The attention of the sculptor was soon arrested by a tent, over the door of which was a rude picture of a Caucassian bear, struggling with a gentleman wearing the Polish costume. Entering the tent, M—— saw a great white bear sustaining the combined attack of three or four scrubby-looking dogs of whom he disdained to take any especial notice.

"Gentlemen," cried the master of the booth when the dogs seemed to think they had done their duty, and paused for a reply to their inoffensive demonstrations, "gentlemen, if any amateur present would like to enter the arena and try his strength with the White Caucassian Bear, he will find that the noble animal understands the art of wrestling like any Christian."

Upon this invitation, M—— taking off his blouse, climbed over the paling that surrounded the arena, and seized the formidable animal with both arms. The latter got on his hind legs, growled, and closed with his new adversary; when the sculptor, who had thought that the creature felt very thin under his thick fur, was astounded at hearing the bear whisper in his ear the following words, in perfectly intelligible French:

"You can't manage it, *mon bourgeois*. I'm too strong for you. It's ten *sous* to *throw* the Caucassian Bear—my little perquisite."

It is almost superfluous to add that M—— *threw* the bear, amidst the frenzied applause of the spectators, and that he now professes an inveterate skepticism with regard to the *ferocity* of the animals so often shown off to the terror and admiration of the Parisians.

Another case of skepticism, of a somewhat similar character, is that of the maire of a small commune near Arras, where, in consequence of the recent law taxing the keeping of what are denominated "fancy dogs," eighty three dogs had just been registered by their owners as "watch dogs," the only category exempt from the yearly tax of ten francs, recently imposed on members of the canine race in this dog-petting country. The *maire*, struck by this apparent absence of lap dogs, loverets, and other favorite species, sent a notice to the owners of the eighty-three dogs in question, ordering their presence, and that of their four-footed retainers. Last Sunday was the time appointed for this examination before the municipal council, when more than fifty of the pretended "watch dogs" were found to be amenable to the new "impot," and were taxed accordingly, to the great delight of the non-dog-keeping part of the community.

QUANTUM.

OUTBREAK IN KANSAS—GOV. GEARY ASSAULTED—SEVERAL PERSONS SHOT.—ST. LOUIS, Feb. 25.—The Jefferson City correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat learns, by passengers from Kansas, to-night, that a difficulty had occurred between Gov. Geary and a man named Sherrod, growing out of the refusal of the former to appoint the latter to the office of sheriff as desired by the Legislature, and which had had a serious termination. Sherrod had avowed the purpose of killing Gov. Geary, and, meeting him in the street, spat in his face.

Gov. Geary did not resent the insult, but his friends got up an indignation meeting on Thursday, the 19th. Sheriff Jones, Sherrod, and others attempted to interrupt the meeting, and in the affray Sherrod shot Mr. Sheppard, one of Gov. Geary's friends, four times, and wounded two others.

Mr. Jones, Gov. Geary's Secretary, threw upon shot Sherrod. Great excitement prevailed at Lecompton, and a general fight was anticipated that night. Gov. Geary's residence was guarded by United States troops.

Sherrod was the person appointed by the Court to fill the vacancy occasioned by Sheriff Jones's resignation, to whom Gov. Geary refused the commission on the ground of his being a habitual drunkard. Another statement has it that Sherrod did not spit in the Governor's face, but called him a liar, coward, and scoundrel.

The Council denounced Sherrod in a resolution, condemning the assault upon Governor Geary, but the House sustained him by a small majority. Sherrod was not killed, as was at first reported. Jones was arrested and held to bail in $5,000. He is not the Governor's Secretary.

The bill repealing the test oaths, which had passed the Council, was rejected in the House by an almost unanimous vote.

The Legislature has passed a law, declaring resistance to the Territorial laws punishable with death.

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.—The steamer Illinois, from Aspinwall, arrived at New York, on Feb. 27th, with dates to the 5th inst. The news is not very important.

At a meeting of the citizens of Mariposa, it was resolved to resist Col. Fremont's claim to the Mariposa tract. A bill is before the Senate providing for the working of the mines on grants, made before the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which will, if passed, enable the Mariposa settlers to defeat Col. Fremont's claim.

The Legislative Committee having reported that $124,000 had been taken from the Treasury, the Treasurer accounted for its disappearance, by exhibiting the bond of the Pacific Express Company to pay, in July next, the interest of the State debt. The validity of the bond is questioned, as it does not acknowledge the receipt of the money. The Treasurer has been called on to give additional security for the money in his keeping. A proposition to impeach him is before the Legislature.

A party of Mexican banditti are devastating the southern country, and murdering the inhabitants. The sheriff of Los Angelos, and three constables, who went to protect the people, were murdered. The Legislature has appropriated $5,000 to assist in exterminating the robbers.

The recent earthquake was severely felt all over the lower country, and particularly at Fort Tejon. Immense chasms, ten feet wide, and extending in length forty miles, had opened at various parts of the southern country, and large streams were suddenly found to exist at places where no streams had been observed before. Great masses of rock and earth were noticed at Fort Tejon to be heaved high in the air from lofty peaks.

Business at San Francisco continued dull. The mines are yielding largely, except the northern, which are blocked up with snow.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF CHINA.—China is the most populous and ancient empire in the world; it is 1,390 miles long, and 1,030 wide. Population from 300,000,000 to 360,000,000. The capital is Pekin with 1,000,000 inhabitants; Next Nankin, 1,000,000; and Canton, 1,000,000. China produces tea, 50,000,000 pounds of which are annually exported from Canton, the only place which foreigners are allowed to visit. Silk, cotton, rice, gold, silver, and all the necessaries of life are found in China. The arts and manufactures in many branches are in high perfection, but stationary, as improvements are now prohibited. The Government is a despotic monarchy. Revenue 200,000,000 dollars; army, 800,000 men. The religion is similar to Bhudism, the chief god being Foh. The Chinese inculcate the morality of Confucius their great philosopher, who was born 550 B. C. The great wall and canal of China are among the mightiest works ever achieved by man. The foreign commerce of China amounts to 35,000,000 dollars or 40,000,000 annually, the whole of which is transacted with appointed agents, called "Hong merchants." Foreigners are allowed to live at certain stations, or "factories," below Canton. The chief trade is with England. The revenue derived from foreign commerce by the Emperor varies from 4,000,000 dollars to 6,000,000 dollars. According to Mr. Dunn the opium smuggled into China, to the injury of the people amounted to 20,000,000 annually for several years past, much of which was paid in specie, which found its way to London. The Chinese language has nearly 40,000 characters or letters.

CONGRESSIONAL SQUABBLING.—During the proceedings of the House on Feb. 26th, Mr. Wright, of Tennessee, approached the seat of Mr. Harris, of Maryland, and while talking with him, looked insultingly or menacingly, at Mr. Sherman, of Ohio—so says Mr. Sherman, though Mr. Wright denies it. However, Mr. Sherman indignantly threw a handful of wafers in Mr. Wright's face. The latter made an attempt to strike him, when Mr. Sherman put his hand into a side pocket to pull out, as was supposed, a weapon. Mutual friends immediately interfered. Messrs. Watkins and Savage conducted Mr. Wright back to his seat. The affair occasioned much confusion and excitement, which, however, soon subsided. Rumors of a duel were current for some time after the incident, but probably nothing will come of it.

THE "PLAGUEPINIST."—This is the name given by the Syracuse papers to an individual who is there, giving some curious exhibitions of his powers of endurance while sticking knives and pins into his flesh. He inserts the long, narrow blade of a knife into the fleshy parts of his legs and arms, also through the cheeks. He will drive pins into his limbs to the very heads, at a single blow, without winching. We are told that he also practices the same feats upon others when he can find willing subjects, which is not often. Little or no blood follows the knife, and a slight scar is the only trace left of the weapon. The name of the man is Tracy.

ANOTHER IMPOSTOR.—A German, named Andrew Heineman, has been arrested in Lewistown, Pa., for swindling a number of Germans of that place out of money by representing himself to be an inspired prophet sent from heaven with power over the future of men. Some of his dupes seem to have been perfectly infatuated with him.

THE "CIRCUMENDIBUS."—The Wheeling papers state that arrangements are about to be made by which the cars on the Circumendibus road will pass through from Pittsburg to Cincinnati without change. Passengers from Wheeling will cross the suspension bridge instead of at Bellair, as formerly.

NEWS ITEMS.

MEXICAN HORSEMANSHIP.—Instead of the men and women riding as they do in our country, they reverse the thing. The gentleman gets out of the saddle altogether, on the broad piece of leather that hangs behind each Spanish saddle. He catches the Senora by the waist, flips her upon the saddle, with the left hand encircling the waist, while the right has the reins, and in this manner they start off, pell-mell, at a rate that would make one of our ladies tremble for her safety. It is both graceful and comfortable.

VALUABLE PROPERTY.—A lot of ground, corner of Broadway and Grand street, New York, eighty-six by one hundred feet, was sold recently for $200,000; or about at the rate of $800,000 an acre.

FOUR millions of dollars, it is said, have been spent in the search for the unfortunate navigator, Sir John Franklin.

OF the four members of Congress accused of corruption, two are "Republicans," one an "American," one a "Republican American."

ABOUT 400,000 bushels of wheat are in store at Chicago, to go forward as soon as navigation opens.

THACKERAY has postponed, for another year, the publication of a new novel. His lectures on the "Four Georges" continue so popular in England, that he has no time for a new serial.

RESIGNED.—Mr. Slough, the expelled member of the Ohio Legislature, who was declared by the official returns to have been re-elected by three majority, having subsequently recounted the votes himself, and found that he was defeated by 17 votes, has resigned in favor of Mr. Hosea, his Republican competitor.

A MORMON MARRIAGE.—It is stated that Alice Young, Brigham's eldest daughter by his first wife, has been sealed to Hiram Clawson, (Brigham's confidential clerk,) as his third wife, he holding it necessary to practice what he preaches.

THE Missouri Legislature has granted charters for the organization of eight Banks in St. Louis. Their aggregate capital will amount to $50,000,000.

CRUELTY.—Some scoundrel in Boston saturated a dog's hair with spirits of turpentine and set him on fire. The howling animal ran in a barn near by and fired the building, which was consumed.

ANOTHER SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—The British Whig says that preparations are being made in Canada for an expedition to go in search of Sir John Franklin. For this purpose Dr. Rae is building, in the Kingston dockyard, an Arctic schooner, to be ready in May next, to go to Quebec, and thence to the Arctic regions.

SHARPERS IN UTAH.—If Utah has its saints, it also has its sharpers. Brother Brigham Young, High Priest and first President of the Mormon Council of Latter Day Saints at Great Salt Lake City, and acting Governor of Utah Territory, thus denounces some of the carnal-minded of the brethren: "We can pick out Elders in Israel, right here, who can beat the world at gambling, who can handle the cards, can cut and shuffle them with the smart of rogue on God's footstool. I can produce elders here who can shave their smartest shavers, and take their money from them. We can beat the world at any game." That will do. We give in to the saints of Utah.

MR. BUCHANAN'S INAUGURAL SUIT.—Mr. Buchanan has got his inaugural coat made by an honest Dutch tailor of Lancaster, who has patriotically stitched it with stars, representing the thirty one States of the Union.

THE Lord Mayor of London has prohibited Tom Thumb's carriage from parading the city.

TESTIMONY OF ATHEISTS.—The Massachusetts Legislature have, by a vote of 208 to 95, instructed a committee to bring in a bill providing that no person shall be deemed an incompetent witness in consequence of his opinion on the subject of religion.

A LUXURIOUS BATH.—An enthusiastic disciple of Dr Gwin, the California Senator, holding an office in the San Francisco Custom House, was so overjoyed at his favorite's re-election that he indulged in a bath of champagne wine, using two dozen bottles of the nectarian fluid for the operation.

HOW TO ESCAPE THE GARROTERS.—The keeper of the Millbank prison, in England has published a card stating that any person may save himself from garroting, by pressing his chin closely down upon his breast the instant he feels any attempted pressure on his throat. This action keeps the windpipe open and the lungs full, and also prevents a close grip by the assailant. A good yell given at the same moment is also particularly recommended.

EXECUTIONS.—During the last twenty-five years, 6,373 men have been executed in Italy for political offences. Of this number, 1,712 suffered in the Two Sicilies. Austria has been most brutal, for, in Lombardy, the executed exceeded 4,300. This is a monstrous story to be recorded in the nineteenth century.

THE POOR MAN'S PARADISE.—The Keokuk (Iowa) Post mentions an instance of a young man who located in that city some time since without a shilling, and in ninety days was worth $8,000! Such cases, it states, are quite common. Of course!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT for murder was restored in Rhode Island, on Feb. 26th, by the casting vote of the Speaker of the State Legislature.

BELLADONNA IN SCARLATINA.—Ex-Governor Briggs, in communicating to the Berkshire County Eagle a letter from Dr. Wm. H. Tyler, of Adams, in favor of the use of belladonna as a protection against scarlet fever, remarks: "I have a distinct recollection of the use of this article in my own family, and was then and am now satisfied that it saved my two sons then children, from the disease, which my daughter and many of my neighbor's children had severely."

A CHANNEL THROUGH ST. CLAIR FLATS.—General Cass writes to the editor of the Detroit Free Press, that an arrangement is about to be made which will ensure the opening of a channel over the St. Clair Flats, in the course of the coming season. A proposition has been made to the War Department to excavate a channel 250 feet broad, and 13 feet deep, upon conditions which have been approved by Secretary Davis, upon the recommendation of the Senators and Representatives from the States interested.

CHANGE OF MAIL ROBBERY.—For some months back, several sums of money had been stolen from letters which were mailed, or addressed to persons at Selma, Alabama. The United States secret agent having prepared some *decoys*, succeeded in finding some marked notes upon the person of Wm. Waddill, Jr., who was accordingly examined and committed to Cahaba jail, for trial, in default of $7,000 bail.

ONE of the fashionable Parisian belles died last week, at Marseilles, just as she was at the point of embarking for Italy. She had great fear that obesity would one day destroy the wasp-like shape she possessed; and, to combat it, she drank daily large quantities of vinegar. After some months of horrible suffering, she expired, despite of all the efforts of her physicians.

NEVER within the history of settled Wisconsin, (says an exchange paper from that quarter,) was the havoc so great among the deer as the present winter. The snow is so deep, with a slight crust over it, that the hunter has only to don his snow shoes—and, with his axe, overtake and slaughter the helpless animal, which is unable to run with any degree of speed.

INTELLIGENT passengers from San Francisco (per Illinois) do not give a very encouraging picture of business and business prospects in California. They say there are thousands of laboring men who can get nothing to do, and who would be glad to work their passage home to New York, if they had an opportunity to do so. The "flush times" have gone by at the mines as well as elsewhere.

THE "Personal Liberty Bill," relative to persons claimed as fugitive slaves, has passed the Wisconsin Legislature. The bill as passed directs trial by jury to be provided for persons claimed, punishes false and malicious arrests of persons as fugitive slaves with $1,000 fine, and gives power to county courts to grant writs of *habeas corpus*.

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

THE "OLD JOHN" AMONG THE BREAKERS.

One of the most dangerous positions for a captain to find his ship in, is, when a gale of unknown power is bearing down upon him from the weather horizon, when a strange shore rises under his lee, when his imperfect chart tells him that there is a shoal near at hand, when the lead tells him that there are but a few feet of water under his keel, and when he *sees* breakers in the very direction where said chart indicates deep water. It was my unenviable fortune to fill the shoes of the first lieutenant of the "old John," under circumstances similar to the foregoing, and I shall long remember with a shudder the *feeling* of hopeless despair which filled our hearts as the dangers of shipwreck crowded around us. The "old John" must be pretty well known to the readers of the Post by this time, and I have therefore but to enter at once upon my narrative.

My last letter returned us in safety to her decks after our visit to Fou-chow, and a few days later we were again steaming down the river for the sea, with two Chinese pilots that had been furnished us at the request of the consul. Our charts of this river, and particularly of its mouth, were very uncertain, and so we had to depend entirely upon these two pilots, who commenced by proving themselves totally ignorant of the ground as soon as the first occasion turned up for them to put their supposed knowledge to account.

As we reached the sea, the weather was still far from settled. Huge and dense masses of cumulus clouds with their dark centres and lurid edges, were hurrying before the strong north-east wind, and a disagreeable chopping sea that extended across the whole mouth of the river and out to seaward, promised anything but a dry time to the miserable little pilot boat that was towing under our stern. We steamed out against this wind for some time, with furled sails, topgallant masts on deck, and a five-knot current to help us, and thought we were doing a very fine business until the pilot becoming alarmed for his boat, beckoned his companion alongside, and evinced an evident disposition to get his money and be permitted to return into the river.

But this was no part of the contract. He had come on board to take us safely clear of the numerous shoals, to show us the open sea, and then to return to the river with his twenty dollars and a clear conscience. The captain therefore sternly bade him attend to the steering of the ship, and let his friend look out for the boat, threatening, through our interpreter, to send him off without a cent if he again mentioned the subject before we were clear of all dangers.

"You must take us well clear of the knoll,"* he said, "and then you can leave."

The man scowled sullenly around, seemed very uneasy for a while, and then suddenly glancing at the captain with a look of savage satisfaction, resumed his former indifference of manner. There were few who marked that look of savage revenge; but before an hour had expired, those who had caught it were no longer at a loss to interpret its meaning. He had determined to make us believe that we were outside of the knoll, while in reality its dangers should yet be before us, knowing that if we *should* strike, *he at anyrate* would be safely on shore. So he stood to the helm some twenty minutes longer, and then pointing to an unusually rough spot in the direction in which he knew the knoll was looked for, proclaimed it as the last danger to be avoided, pocketed his money, and stepping into his boat, left us to steer a course which he said would soon gain us a good offing.

"I don't believe that fellow knows a bit more about the ground here, than I do," remarked the captain, as he pointed his glass at the receding boat, and noticed their evident joy at parting company; "they are too glad to get off. I'll go aloft and keep an eye on what he calls 'the knoll,' it seems to me entirely too extensive. It looks more like a long streak of shoal water."

So he climbed up to the topsail yard, while I, John Smith, stowed myself in the weather gang-way, and Hosgood, the master, devoted his attention to a few *probably* correct bearings, for determining the *probable* locality of the doubtful knoll.

A glorious fellow for the master of a ship was that very Hosgood, and the Navy lost a heavy gun when its increasing drawbacks drove him from the free and open sea to the musty corner of a Wall street office for a new profession.

After a while we heard the captain's voice from the topsail yard, inquiring of Hosgood the result of his bearing.

"How do they put the knoll?" he asked; "I see broken water beyond this, that looks much more like it."

"It's impossible to say with certainty, *where* it is, sir," replied the latter; "these bearings can't be trusted. We'll have to depend on the lead and a good look out."

To this the captain made no reply—but turned his glass again upon the doubtful danger; while the rapidly cast lead continued to tell of shoaling water.

The pilots had left us with five fathoms of water under our keel, and now we had but three. We were evidently *going away* from deep water, though the sea *was* before us, and there were only two things to be done; either to return in our tracks and hunt up other pilots, or try to work our way out by the lead and a good look out, as Hosgood had said. The latter was of course the most proper of the two, and so the "old John" steamed ahead, and a leadsman in either chains gave out the varying soundings.

Slowly and with fatal regularity these soundings decreased. More hurriedly drifted the masses of threatening clouds before the rising storm—more chopping and breaker-like became the broken waves. New indications of shoals too, were looming up upon every hand as we steamed cautiously ahead; and more hopeless grew the chance of our finding an opening through these scattered dangers. Everybody seemed aware of the labyrinth into which we had worked ourselves, and came on deck with anxious countenances, to see how we were to get out of it.

Breakers were now entirely around us, and the lead still continued to tell of failing water. Three-fourths of another fathom had left us, and as we rose and fell over the heavy waves that broke while reaching us, we expected momentarily to feel her strike. It was getting exciting, for the old John was a weak as well as a slow craft, and we did not know yet how she would stand thumping. Still there was deep water ahead at a distance of some hundred yards; and we ran the same risk of striking, should we attempt to turn and retrace our path, as we would if we stood boldly on for a few moments longer; so we held on for the blue opening ahead, trusting that Providence would see us safely through it, but fearing more than we dared express.

Suddenly we felt a shiver pass through the old ship's frame as she sank after a more than usual heavy roller, and as she rose and sank over the next, she brought up with a jar that threw some of us off our feet—while at the same time the sea made a complete break over our port bulwarks, and flooded the decks. The "grating shiver" that we had first felt run through her timbers, was a *light* touch, but this one made her groan and creak as if every timber and bulkhead had started.

"Stop her!" exclaimed the voice of the captain from his lofty perch. "Now, then, back her!" His voice was excited and alarmed, but still firm and ready, as he grasped the topmast backstay and slid down to the deck with the monkey-like activity so often seen on shipboard. He came down just in time, for the third shock was heavier even than the second, and might have switched him off the bending mast.

"Hadn't we better go ahead strong, sir?" I asked; "it may be but the backbone of some reef, and we may force her over it. If we stop here we'll beat to pieces, and the water looks worse on either hand, we cannot *turn*, evidently."

"Yes, I don't know but what that would be better. Ring four bells!"

So four bells were rung, the ready propeller turned with rare velocity, and the old John again gathered headway. Twice more we struck, but lightly, and in another minute she shot out of the howling breakers into the clear, blue water beyond, and as the lead gave "a quarter four," we drew a relieving breath, and gazed back at the receding and now powerless danger.

The first thing we now did was to sound the pumps, and finding no indication there of her having started a leak, began to think that we had been very fortunate, and to heap anything but blessings on the heads of the absent pilots.

"It was the inner tail of the knoll that we struck on," said Hosgood, as he laid off a new set of bearings on the chart, and compared our position with the soundings. "If we had been fifty yards more to the northward we would have been lost. This is another of the beauties of a sea life."

The north-east trade had now increased to a moderate gale, making the coast of China a lee shore, and as night was not far distant, "all hands" were called, everything but the lower masts sent on deck, and orders given to keep up as much steam as was consistent with safety. Then we pointed the old ship's head to the wind, and screwed heavily through the increasing sea until we gained the sheltering heights of Matsou Island, and were enabled to anchor for the night.

And now, reader, you and I are about to part company. This is *my last glance at my last cruise*, and if you *wish to hear* anything more about the "old John," or if you would know anything farther in regard to our friends Vel Lager, Le Tailleur, or any one else with whom you have been cruising for the last year, I refer you respectfully to a work entitled "My Last Cruise; or, Where we Went and What we Saw," just being published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city. In its five hundred and odd octavo pages you will recognize more than one old acquaintance, and I hope find enough to make your parting pleasant, with

JOHN SMITH.

* A bank with only twelve feet water, and on which, vessel after vessel had already been wrecked.

BURIAL OF THE SEED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Now, my seed, thy grave is made;
In thy silent chamber laid,
Thou may'st slumber lightly:
May the sun his radiance lend,
And the dews of Heaven descend
On thy pillow nightly.

Could'st thou speak, thou gentle one,
Could'st thou feel what I have done,
Thou would'st whisper, weeping—
Ah, green earth and bright blue skies
Never more may greet my eyes,
All in darkness sleeping.

Yet sleep on thou seedling dear;
Sweetly sleep, nor dream of fear;
Soon from slumber waking,
Once again shalt thou behold
Morning sunlight, bright as gold,
O'er the green earth breaking.

I at last must sink like thee,
Hands of love shall bury me,
Heaping cold earth o'er me;
But when God, from yonder skies,
Bids the slumbering dead arise,
May I wake to glory!

THE STUFFED SKIN OF A ROYAL CAPTIVE.—Valerian, Emperor of Rome, was taken prisoner, and afterwards kept in chains by Sapor, King of Persia. He was either killed in a tumult, or by order of his conqueror—fearful, perhaps, of losing his valuable living trophy—in the year 269. The body of the dead Roman Emperor was treated with no more delicacy than when it had tabernacled the immortal spark of a living one. It was skinned. The hide, after being tanned, was stuffed, painted red, and suspended in the chief temple of the capital. Here it remained for many years. It was the popular spectacle for holiday makers and visitors from the country. But it was put to more important ends than this: it was made a diplomatic engine of much significance and efficiency. In after times it often happened that the Roman envoys at the Persian Court had misunderstandings, more or less serious, with the Government to which they were temporarily accredited. When these ambassadors from Rome grew arrogant in their demands, it was the custom to conduct them into the presence of the stuffed skin of the old ex Emperor of Rome, where they were asked if humility did not become them at sight of such a spectacle.—*Monarchs Retired from Business. By Dr. Doran.*

SINGULAR REVENGE.—Among the freaks of men of wealth we may mention one of a rich Jew of Arnheim, in Holland, who, because the authorities would not allow him to make a pavement of solid silver before his house, tore it down and erected in its place a building covered with the most diabolical figures, which stood for many years the terror of the neighborhood.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

She sitteth at home, in the old retreat
The grandsire loved in his day,
And knit-cloth covers the naked seat,
Of lagrain fine is the carpet neat,
Bedight with colors gay.

And pictures hang from the painted wall,
And garnish the music stool,
And grace the table, the spacious hall—
They came from the hand of the artist, a l—
The daughter at boarding school.

The old retreat wears a happier face—
The porch where the song-bird culls
Hath a trumpet-vine, and a rose to grace
The pillared way, and the eye may trace
Rich paint where the sunlight falls.

No longer left to the ploughshare rude
Is the grassy lawn below;
The mulsette climbs where the sunflower stood,
And in the place of the dense old wood
The orchard and vinery grow.

The long-wooled sheep and the short-horned cow,
The hen with the feathery shoe,
The Hong Kong, the suffolk, the subsoil plough
Are all the pride of the farmer now,
And the farmer's lady too.

She knoweth to trace each honored line
Of the dame in the pasture green;
She seeketh from science the fruit most fine,
And for the guest who cometh to dine
She spreads the table clean.

The farmer's wife hath her hour of toil—
'Tis not in the giddy whirl
Where fashion the purest heart may spoil,
And sober senses of man recoil
From the mind of the city girl!

She holdeth the pen for columns free
From the stain of party strife;
She teacheth the art of cookery,
And sometimes her name on the list you see
Of poets famed in life.

Oh, give me the heart content to dwell
Away from the glare of strife,
Where taste, and beauty, and order tell
How wealth may lavish her bounty well
On the home of the farmer's wife.

ELIZA M., *in the Rural New Yorker.*

Bauernheim, Feb., 1857.

A HEROINE IN HER WAY.

BY DR. DORAN.

It was the opinion of Jeremy Collier that it would be better for the world if there were fewer heroes in it. Of the men who had been sufficiently illustrious to claim to be ranked under that distinctive name, there was only one in whom Collier acknowledged a benefactor of the human race. This individual was the apocryphal Hercules. "I scarcely ever heard of any, excepting Hercules," says Jeremy, "but did more mischief than good."

He describes heroes generally as "overgrown mortals," people who "commonly use their will with their right hand and their reason with their left." It must be remembered, however, that when Collier thus referred to "heroes," he had in his mind warriors only.

Fanny Wright, herself something of a heroine, according to her own fashion, made a nicer distinction when she remarked that heroes were much rarer than great warriors. Collier, however, discerned that the heroic must be looked for elsewhere than only in the warlike. The pride of heroes, he says, "is in their title; and their power puts them in possession. Their pomp is furnished from rapine, and their scarlet is dyed with human blood. If wrecks and ruins and desolations of kingdoms are marks of greatness, why do we not worship a tempest and erect a statue to the plague? A panegyric upon an earthquake is every jot as reasonable as upon such conquests as these." La Rochefoucauld may be said to have thoroughly understood the meaning of the term "hero," when he remarked that "there are heroes in evil as well as in good." Massillon, too, was well acquainted with the worth of the term when he asserted that "it is easy to be, at certain moments, heroic and generous: what is really difficult is this—to be constant and faithful."

He who has courage over himself is a hero; and a "heroine" is something more than the mere "bellatrix" and "virago" which often pass for its synonyms. There are many better worth knowing than the "formosæ chorus heroinæ" of Propertius, or the heroines of romance, over whose imaginary miseries so many tears are shed that there are none left for human calamity. Now, my heroine, Marie Lucille, was just one of these.

One winter's evening, towards the close of December, 1809, the snow was falling thick in the district between La Chaise Dieu and Brioude, in the department of the Upper Loire. A solitary horseman, who had nothing at all of a knightly aspect, and who looked bewildered, uncomfortable and disgusted as the flakes fell on his face, was the only human figure to be seen in the dreary picture. The rider bent forward so far beyond his horse's ears, as to give him the air of one anxious to arrive at a cottage in the distance before the steed on which he was mounted.

"If they are savages who live there," murmured he, "they will not refuse me hospitality in such weather as this."

And therewith, having reached the door, he applied the butt end of his whip to the panel, and knocked with apologetic hesitation.

"Jump down, doctor," exclaimed a voice from within; "I will take your horse in half a minute. We have been looking for you this hour. You have come too late, but you are perfectly welcome."

The doctor was among the first lecturers on therapeutics in Paris, and had not the least idea that he was known, expected, or welcomed in this part of the Upper Loire. He was on his way to Brioude, indeed, to attend a family festival, the grand portion of which was a christening. The doctor's brother had been for some years settled in the last named town, which the professor of therapeutics was about to visit for the first time, for the purpose of standing godfather to a recently born niece. He had been making a geological tour in the south, and intended to take Brioude on his road back to the capital.

By this time night had succeeded to evening, the snow fell faster and thicker than before; and suddenly a man appeared on the threshold, carrying in his hand a blazing pine stick, which he held aloft while he looked into the dark night.

"Come in, doctor," said he, "you'll find your god-daughter within, and your brother is not far off."

"My good friend," said the traveller, "there is surely some mistake. My god-daughter—"

"Look you there, now," interrupted the man, shaking his pine stick the while, to enable him to distinguish the stranger, "I took you for our good Doctor Gerard, who had not only promised to be here for a birth, but to be sponsor for the baby. His brother, the cure, too, engaged to give it his blessing, and to taste our omelette and a bottle of the year '5."

The stranger explained his condition, asked for hospitality, and was believed and welcomed without hesitation.

"It is all one," said the host, taking the bridle of the horse. "Go you in; you will find a Josephine within happier than the poor Empress yonder; for she is the mother of a child, and is under the roof of her husband. Go you in; I'll see to the horse."

The doctor felt that he had not arrived at the most opportune of moments; nevertheless, he was the most embarrassed of the party in the cottage. Under the circumstances, the hospitality which he received was "princely." The house and the inmates were poor, indeed, but the latter had large hearts. They were all the happier, too, that their child was a girl.—"They can't make a conscript of *her*!" exclaimed both the parents, with a feeling which was common at the period when a girl was born.

On the morrow, before taking leave of his kind entertainer, the doctor, placing his hand on that of the mother, observed to her that he should be well pleased to be permitted to be godfather to "Mademoiselle" there. "If—" He was about adding more, when Mademoiselle herself uttered a cry so shrill, that the speaker paused.

"Pardi!" exclaimed the father, "she agrees, and does not wait for us to give our consent. You shall share the office, sir, with Monsieur Gerard."

This matter being arranged, the Parisian professor bade his hosts farewell. They promised to find a deputy for him at the ceremony of baptism, and to give him news of his god-daughter, or ask his counsel in her behalf, should occasion arise for either. And therewith he rode away, and very speedily forgot his sponsorial obligations and Marie Lucille.

The child grew—a plain child, with a grave look about her. She tumbled through infancy with tolerable credit and countless bruises.—When she could run alone and was able to speak, the companions of her age invited her to share their sports. She crossed her little hands behind her back, and sharply and peremptorily refused. Her unpopularity was established forever.

She lay about at the cottage door, now in the sun, now in the rain, and seemed to care little for either. She was a dreaming child, hardly conscious of what she dreamt, or wherefore.—She had not the love of her fellows, but she won their respect. All the childish quarrels of the neighborhood were referred to her for arbitration. People stood near her on these occasions, amused at the gravity of the little judge in a tattered gown. They never found reason, however, to deny the justice of her award. The tribunal of Marie Lucille was an institution in the eyes of little village litigants.

Hitherto her life had been one of unmixed happiness. She did not know that she was poor; and she felt, without thinking about it that she was powerful. But she was now placed in a position which revealed to her her poverty, and made her sensible of being in subjection to others. She was sent to work in the fields during half the day, and to school during the remainder portion of it.

"She is not worth her salt," said the farmer who employed her to pick up stones.

"She is a fool," said the schoolmistress; "and is always asking questions above common sense."

The fact was that in the fields Marie Lucille was studying even the stones. These, the herbs, the flowers, and the grasses, were her books; and when she took them to the school and laid them before the purblind Minerva there, she found the instructress could not read them. Her surprise was extreme.

"I can teach myself to read," she said; "but of what use is this woman, if she cannot help me to do what I am unable to do for myself?"

She already saw that there was something imperfect in the educational system. The germ of the reformer was already in course of development in the little person of Marie Lucille.

She remained the only child of her parents, whose ill-health but increased their poverty. The girl, before she was in her teens, labored with an energy beyond her strength in order to aid her honest but almost helpless father and mother. Within two years she lost both; and at the age of sixteen, the reserved, rather plain, but strongly intellectual looking girl, was left an orphan, with nothing before her but a life of hard labor, and very delicate health wherewith to meet the burden.

"There is nothing else," said Marie Lucille; "let us make the best of it."

She found even this philosophy, however, of little avail. What she could gain by hard and constant work barely sufficed to keep life within her. Her strength daily decayed; and, worst of all to her, she had not leisure in any way to "learn anything new." She was conscious of an insatiate thirst for knowledge, and her heart died within her as she discovered the impossibility of slaking that thirst.

"Well," said she half aloud, as she stood on the little "esplanade" of the village one Sunday evening, looking at the dancers, but thinking of more serious matters—"well, there *is* something wrong here. It cannot be God's fault. It must then, be *my* fault. I will go to Monsieur le cure; he of course will put me right."

Monsieur le cure, however, could not do what was expected of him. A gentle shower of ordinary and well-intentioned platitudes failed to refresh her.

"My child," said the good old man, "it is your duty to be content with the lot which God has assigned you."

"Monsieur le cure," asked Marie Lucille, "does God always, as you say, fit the back to the burden?"

"Doubtless," was the reply.

"Then," said Marie, without the least awe at finding herself about to beat the cure in argument—"then I am not in the position assigned to me. The burden I carry is intolerable, not because of its weight, but because it does not fit my back. I would labor twice as long as I do, if the work were different from that to which I am now improperly condemned."

The cure looked at her with the aspect of a pope on the point of excommunicating a rebel prince who had defied pontifical teaching. She stood the look firmly; not audaciously, but with the strength born of the conviction that she was right, that she knew more about the matter than the priest, and that Heaven would help her if she only tried to help herself.

"Go and dance," said the cure.

"That is all the comfort that the well provided ant could contribute to the poor lean grasshopper, who, according to its nature, had passed the summer singing in the grass. I will go to Paris," said Marie Lucille.

The resolution thus expressed astounded not only the cure, but the entire village. She was, however, not to be moved from it. She had a presentiment, she said, that her field of labor was in Paris.

"Where they sow sin, and reap tears," was the comment of the cure.

"As men sow, even according shall they reap," rejoined the young logician. May it be so with me. Amen."

There was abundance of weeping when the sickly looking but stout hearted orphan turned her face towards the capital, and went on her long and weary way. It was a work of many weeks to traverse that long road; and fatigue and want more than once threatened to kill her before she had accomplished her object.

At length she glided into the brilliant city, like a phantom. Scared and bewildered, she looked about her for the first time with a feeling of helpless despair.

Her strong mind mastered her weak body. She had not come purposeless, and she was resolved to carry her purpose out. She had long carried about her her Parisian godfather's address. With an instinct which resembled experience, and which told her that an interview would be more profitable than a correspondence, she had walked to the capital, determined to consult him (if he were living), who had promised to give her counsel if she happened to need it.

Marie Lucille discovered her godfather's abode, and she was laughed at by the porter when she offered to ascend the stairs which led to his apartment.

The pilgrim had not wandered so far to be rudely turned away from the shrine now that her hand was upon it. She stoutly maintained her right; and an altercation ensuing—particularly loud on the part of the porter—as the one ascended the staircase, and the other attempted to obstruct the ascent, the doctor himself, somewhat fatter than of old, appeared at the door and demanded an explanation.

"Monsieur le docteur," said the porter, "this beggar-girl—"

"Godfather!" exclaimed the poor girl, who, hearing the title, concluded that she had reached her desired end, "I am Marie Lucille."

"And who the d—— is Marie Lucille?" asked the professor, good humoredly; "who claims me for a godfather?"

The girl could speak well, and, exhausted though she was, a few sentences, spoken without circumlocution and to the purpose, soon enlightened the professor. He led her into his little dining-room with a gentle care that puzzled the wondering porter; ordered refreshment for her, consigned her to his *bonne*, and promised to hear her full story, her experiences, her hopes, and her desires, on the following morning. When that morning arrived, Marie Lucille looked two or three years younger for her repose; and at the conclusion of a long interview with the kind hearted professor, declared, very considerably to his surprise, that she thought that she was best fitted to gain her livelihood in the same way that he did.

The professor burst into a fit of laughter, and looked incredulous. Marie herself blushed, as she always did when she or her situation was misapprehended.

"I simply mean," she said, "that I should like to teach."

"What do you know?" naturally asked the professor.

"Nothing," was the reply; and it caused the doctor to look at his strange visitor most curiously, but with a respectful and admiring curiosity.

"Nothing!" he repeated. "Do you know, Marie, that your answer does you credit, while it gives me encouragement? I will place you where you will be aided along the first pathways you are eager to traverse. If you answer my expectations, future succor, my good girl, shall not fail you."

"I will answer them," said Marie, "God willing. I think I have discovered the position in which he is pleased that I shall be placed."

Marie not only answered, she exceeded the expectations of her godfather. And yet she was not a quick girl. She was much better than that merely. She had intellect, and therewith she had the most abundant patience, the most unflagging perseverance. She was never in a hurry to attain an end, and her object was accomplished all the earlier.

Her progress was watched with extraordinary interest by her godfather and by very many of his friends. It was singular to observe that as her intellect expanded, and her knowledge increased, she seemed to grow beautiful. Her features remained what they had been, save that they gained in refinement; and over all there became spread an expression so exquisite, that it had a hundredfold the charm of mere material beauty. It was an expression made up of content, gratitude, and consciousness of being victor in a struggle of long continuance. No student ever worked for honor with such zeal as this peasant girl labored to accomplish the object of her healthy ambition.

At the end of five years of almost unremitting application, there were not many *men* in the capital who were acquainted with more languages than the poor girl from the Upper Loire, nor who had read to more purpose, although they might have read more extensively.

At the end of seven years, the silent worker, the laborious student, was recognized as the most accomplished woman in the capital.

She was among the most graceful also; for she seemed to acquire grace in proportion as she acquired knowledge.

"You are one of our best scholars," said her aged and delighted godfather to her; "what is now your purpose?"

"To repay you for aiding me to become what I am. I still want to teach—not children, but those who aspire to become teachers. My happiness is to labor—that is the labor which will bring me happiness."

Marie Lucille found both to her heart's content. Her establishment for teaching teachers gained so well-merited a reputation, that when a candidate for license to become an instructor appeared before the government board of examiners with a certificate which described her as being a pupil of the once peasant girl from the Upper Loire, the examination was made all the more rigid, from the conviction of the examiners that the pupil could distinguish herself by the brilliancy, accuracy, and solid worth of her replies.

Few, perhaps, have been in the Isle de Paris without having had their attention directed to the fine cloister-looking mansion in which she whom I have called Marie Lucille labored to admirable effect for rather more than twenty years.

In 1855 she withdrew from its superintendence with a fortune which she has right nobly earned; but not until she had provided a successor whose qualifications gave warrant that the establishment and its object should not suffer.

"Why retire thus early?" said a French prelate to her the other day.

"To give others an opportunity of retiring as early," she answered.

If they who were at Notre Dame on the day of the thanksgiving service for the downfall of Sebastopol, remarked a lady, who was distinguished for her grace, collecting contributions from the faithful, and who was evidently an object of affectionate interest to all, such persons have seen my friend, Marie Lucille.

"How happy," said the archbishop to her, at the *dejeuner* which followed the service—"how happy you must be in the condition in which it has pleased God to place you!"

"And *that*, Monseigneur, because I discovered a truth that is not universally known: namely, that we may be in places which were evidently not intended for us by Heaven."

"I hope," said the prelate, with his joyous laugh, "that you are not alluding to me."

"I fancy," remarked an octogenarian gentleman, who had been a lecturer on therapeutics in his day, "that our friend was thinking of a cure in the Upper Loire."

"I was thinking of a poor girl there who once gathered stones in a field for her daily bread, and who has to-day been associated with Duchesses in collecting thank-offerings for victory. The place God expressly intended for her was the one she occupied between those two extremes."

The archbishop, by an emphatic nod and a sunny smile, gave ecclesiastical sanction to sentiment of Marie Lucille.

A FICTITIOUS THIEF.

A philosopher has said, "Take away interest and vanity from the heart of man, and humanity is perfect."

M. Charles Edmond, author of *La Florentine*, relates apropos of the vanity of our age, a little story of Heinrich Heine.

Heinrich Heine, when very young, set out one fine morning from Hamburg, and started for Germany.

He arrives one evening at Manheim, enters the fauberge of the Golden Lion, and finds, in the dining hall, a man with white hair and a respectable appearance, digesting his dinner by reading a newspaper. From time to time he sighed heavily.

Heinrich Heine moved (remember he was very young), and asked of the unknown the cause of his grief.

"Ah, monsieur!" he groaned, in reply, and ordered a bottle of Johannisberg.

Our two Germans drank together; Heinrich Heine renewed his question; and the unknown, who was always sighing, suddenly yielding to the desire of removing from his heart an enormous weight, said to him:

"Listen to me. My name is Muller; I am a very rich merchant of Nuremberg; I have two hundred thousand livres income, an adorable wife and charming children; my health is excellent, and I am the most unfortunate of men!"

"How is that?"

"Ah! (Another sigh.) How to make you so terrible an avowal! I have committed a crime in my life—I have stolen!"

"Rich as you are, what hinders you from restoring the sum you have taken?"

"There does not pass a month that I do not give, in charities, in pious works, the double, the triple, the quadruple of what I have purloined; but the claw *of* the vulture does not leave me a moment of sweet repose."

"And how has a man like you been able to yield to the temptation of theft?"

"A vertigo. I had the honor of dining with the Duke of Nassau, at his chateau at Biberich the prince, who has a very particular consideration for me, placed me on his right, and we talked during the dinner, of one thing and another. 'Monsieur Muller,' said the duke to me, 'how is Madame Muller?' 'Your highness is too good.' 'And the little Mullers?' 'Very well. But your highness does me too much honor. The Duke de Nassau places me on the footing of a flattering familiarity.'

"Suddenly I saw shining before my eyes a little silver gilt spoon. What passed in my brain I know not, but at the moment when the duke turned his head, I stretched my hand slyly along the cloth, took the spoon, and put it in my pocket.

"This, sir, is what I did at the house of the Duke de Nassau."

And Mr. Muller, who had just finished his third bottle, tumbled off to sleep, and, spite of his remorse, snored like a base viol.

Some days after this conversation, Heinrich Heine made inquiries in regard to this man. He was truly M. Muller, a merchant of Nuremberg, possessed of two hundred thousand francs income, he was surrounded by a large family, but—he had never dined at the house of the Duke de Nassau. He had only invented the fable of the spoon to persuade people that he was the friend of a duke.

PICTURESQUE SINS.—Many are the personages once held to be picturesque who are now seen to be mere scarecrows: powdered gentlemen of fashion, who founded their own reputations on those they had ruined; who could first insult the wife, and then "pink" the resentful husband; highwaymen, who rode to Tyburn-tree decorated with the favors of the fair; duellists, who were knaves in disguise, and compelled men to stake lives that had the sterling ring of manhood against their own brazen counterfeits; fools, who affected Byron's faults, without a touch of his genius, and disdained the world that they neither comprehended nor improved. Touching these, the delusions of society have long ago ceased, and they are now either abhorred or despised. Their successors will share the same fate. May we not learn from experience that whatever runs counter to moral worth is ugly, and that in reality there is no such thing as a picturesque sin?—*Westland Marston.*

CAUGHT FAIRLY.—A stout hearted sinner used to attend one of the English Methodist chapels, because he could not resist the fascination of its music; but he was afraid of the preaching, and sat habitually with his fingers in his ears; during the sermon a fly lit upon his nose, and in brushing it off with his hand he heard from the pulpit the exclamation, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!" etc. He was "struck under conviction," and became a devoted Christian.

THE WEDDING.

"I saw thee wedded, lady,
At the altar's holy side,
As with roses 'mid thy shining hair,
Thou stood'st a happy bride;
The soft light o'er that joyous head,
A tender radiance shed,
While priestly word and marriage-ring,
Proclaimed thee duly wed.

"I saw thee wedded, lady,
With the love-light on thy brow,
And I heard thy low-breathed whisper
Of the holy marriage vow:
And by the quick pulsation
In my bosom's inmost core,
I knew thy heart was throbbing
As it ne'er had throbbed before.

"I saw thee wedded, lady,
And my thoughts went roving back
To a bridal day which long ago,
Illumed life's sunny track:
When like thyself, I vowed to love,
Through weal and woe, for life,
And with the golden circlet claimed
That sweetest name—*a wife*.

"Oh! marvel not, if 'mid the smiles
That graced thy nuptial hour,
Mine eyes were wet with bitter tears,
Which fell like summer shower:
It was not envy of thy lot,
Nor sorrow at thy bliss:
I would not that thy cup of joy,
One shining drop should miss.

"But oh! 'twas memory, Memory's power,
Which thus my spirit bowed:
Knelt again as once I knelt,
And vowed as once I vowed:
Methought I stood as thou didst stand,
The loved one by my side;
Then looked upon my darkened robes,
The widowed, not the bride!

"Yet, lady, though my heart was sad,
As sad it oft must be,
Heaven's best and holiest benison
'T would still call down on thee.
Joy to the bride! Love's brightest wreath
For thee may true love twine,
And be thy wedded life as blest,
And oh! less brief than mine."

THE THREE SERENADES;

OR,

HOW HE DIDN'T WIN HER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY W. H. M'MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.

"He who has no music in his soul
Is fit for treason, stratagem or spoil."
—*Shakspeare.*

"I say, Tom, you shan't have her."

"And why not, I should like to know? *You* certainly make no pretensions in that quarter?"

"Don't I though?"

"That is hardly fair, Dick. I only took you to see and admire, not to fall in love with and marry my charming Julia."

"How could I help it?"

"Then you seriously mean to dispute my claim to the hand of Julia Mortimer?" asked Tom, soberly.

"I do. But don't get angry. The fault was yours. You knew the power of the magnet, and took me within its range. The taking me to see her was your doing—my falling in love was the inevitable consequence. Ergo, the blame rests on your shoulders, not on mine."

"You should have been a lawyer, Dick."

"Why so."

"Because you could victimize your clients, and then gracefully convice them that it was a just punishment, for having trusted you."

"Come, come, Tom, that's rather severe. Let us remain friends, if we are rivals. We'll each try to win her, and hold no ill-will. All is fair in love and war."

Tom hesitated a moment, but considering the chances in his favor, he held out his hand, saying—

"Agreed. There is my hand on it. Remember, you must win her before you can wear it."

And they parted as friends and rivals.

Tom Hardy and Dick Wilson had been chums at college. Why they were such intimate friends, none understood. It is doubtful if they could themselves tell what created and fostered the friendship between them. There was no affinity in tastes, dispositions and parts. Hardy was a most incorrigible wag, the life of the college, the pioneer in every dare-devil enterprise; Wilson, reserved and studious; Hardy would glance hastily through his studies in the evening, then throw his books aside and start off on some mad frolic; Wilson would laboriously study late in the night; Hardy would play off his pranks alike on friend or foe; Wilson would comfort his victims, himself frequently among the number. Wilson was fond of music, occasionally recreating himself after late study, with his flute; Hardy did not know one bar of music from another, but could tell exactly what bars in the gate were loose, and could be removed to admit himself and chums into the college grounds, long after the faculty supposed them in bed.

On one occasion, after Tom and some friends had been regaling the President of the college to an amateur serenade with kettles, tin horns, &c., during which the shrill notes of a cracked flute predominated, all were found, on a search being instituted through the rooms allotted to them, asleep (?) except Wilson, who was playing on his flute. He was strongly suspected, and his good character alone saved him from a public reprimand.

Another practical joke, perpetrated by Tom, while it threatened more serious consequences developed his better nature, and united them more firmly than before.

The President had driven in town to call on some friends, and, unwilling to give trouble to any one, had himself fastened his horse in a by street, to await his return. Tom, passing that way, observed him. The night was dark, and Tom's evil genius at once suggested an adventure.

He had frequently seen a poor old donkey grazing on the common in the rear of the college. It took but a short time to substitute the donkey for the President's spirited animal. But Tom, not content, must needs carry off the whip, so that, as he afterwards said, the "doctor" would drive with proper dignity on his return. He then hastened to the college, but while passing along the corridor on his way to his room, with the whip in his hand, he observed one of the professors approaching. The risk of detection was imminent; a door stood ajar, and, without a moment's thought, in went the whip. The President was greeted on his return by a large crowd, gathered together by a false alarm of fire, gotten up for the occasion. A rigid search discovered the lost whip in Wilson's room. His indignant denial of all knowledge of the transaction, or how the whip got there, availed him nothing—in fact, but aggravated the matter; and dismissal would have been the result, had not Tom nobly avowed himself to be the delinquent. His manliness saved his friend, and mitigated his own case, for he was let off with a reprimand.

The reader will now understand the character of the two friends, and we need only add that Hardy had studied law as the means of winning fame and fortune, particularly the latter, he said; while Wilson, being the son of wealthy parents, had devoted his talents to the study of medicine through inclination.

"Tom, I intend to serenade Julia to-night," said Wilson, meeting Hardy in the street some time after the conversation alluded to had taken place, during which the rivalry had become extremely interesting. Julia Mortimer really preferred Hardy, but could not resist the opportunity afforded by Wilson's visits to excite his jealousy. She consequently appeared to favor Wilson, to that individual's no small gratification, and Hardy's intense annoyance.

"The douce you are!" answered Tom, taken somewhat aback at the intelligence.

"Yes. I think I have a slight advantage over you in the musical way. Julia is, you know, very fond of music."

"What time to-night?"

"About eleven o'clock; will you come to hear it?" said Wilson, with a slight air of triumph in his manner.

"You must excuse me. I have a very difficult case on hand, to the details of which I must devote this evening."

There was a wicked smile on Hardy's countenance as the friends parted, which haunted Wilson all day, and made him regret, he could not tell why, having mentioned the serenade to him.

While the friends are engaged, one in making preparations for the evening, and the other planning to turn the efforts of his rival to his own advantage, we will leave them to introduce the cause of their plots and counterplots, the fair Julia.

Julia Mortimer was young and pretty, at least so Hardy said, and it would not be safe for us to even think otherwise in his presence. She was not one that a painter or sculptor would choose for a model; she could not be called magnificent, splendid, handsome, etc. She was petite and pretty, nothing more. But then there was none of the mawkish affectation, or the romantic sensibility which mars too many boarding school misses, for this was her first season from school, and in its stead a wild vein of mischief which struck a responsive chord in Hardy's nature and bound him to her, he could not tell why. She really loved Hardy, but thinking she was "ower young to marry yet," she would not listen to his vows of love; affecting to believe them uttered merely to kill time, she laughed at him, and in her thoughtlessness encouraged any rival that presented himself.

"Julia, you are very fond of music, are you not?" asked Tom, at a late hour on the same evening.

"Passionately! Mr. Hardy," replied Julia, "but why did you ask?"

"'But for the satisfaction of a thought.'"

"'But why of thy thought, Iago?'"

"That's unkind. To call me Iago seems to throw a doubt upon my honesty."

"'On my soul I think that thou art honest.'"

"Mercy; I cry you mercy! You really do not doubt my honesty? Next you will doubt my love."

"Lawyer like, Mr. Hardy pleads on two points at once. Gentlemen of the jury, I have not the slightest doubt but that you will *acquit* my client, and have only to request that you will recommend him to the *mercy* of the court," said Julia mockingly.

"I but asked a simple question," replied Hardy.

"If Wilson or any other had asked the question it had been nothing. But when a man like you—"

"By the love I bear you, Julia—"

"Swear by the moon or by anything else of the existence of which we are assured."

"Then you think my love all moonshine?"

"You are blessed with wonderful powers of divination. You have read my thoughts."

"Oh, Julia," and Tom placed his hand on his heart and attempted to throw as much despair into his countenance as possible.

"Does it pain you much, Mr. Hardy?" asked Julia, tantalizingly.

"Terribly!"

"Poor fellow! I pity you."

"Then will you relieve me?"

"With all my heart. Shall I send for him?"

"By all means, if you are willing," and Tom eyed her suspiciously, feeling some mischief was at the bottom of her unwonted complaisance.

"Then you think that you had better have it out?" said Julia.

"What out? My heart?"

"No, your tooth."

"My tooth!" and Tom looked puzzled.

"Yes, your tooth. You looked so miserable I thought you had the toothache, and was going to send for a dentist to minister to your relief."

"I can have no relief without a minister, but I do not need a dentist," saying which, Tom took her hand.

"Now don't be ridiculous, Mr. Hardy," said Julia, bursting into a laugh so hearty and merry that Tom, in spite of himself, joined in it with a right good will.

It was thus whenever Tom attempted to storm the citadel of her affections, he would find himself routed by some bold *coup de main* that he could not foresee or provide against.

"No more of your nonsense, now. I wish you to tell me why you looked so profoundly mysterious when you inquired if I were fond of music? You know very well that I love it better than anything else," said Julia, pertinaciously returning to the starting point.

"Better than me?" asked Tom, evasively.

"What impudence! I don't love you."

"Yes, you do."

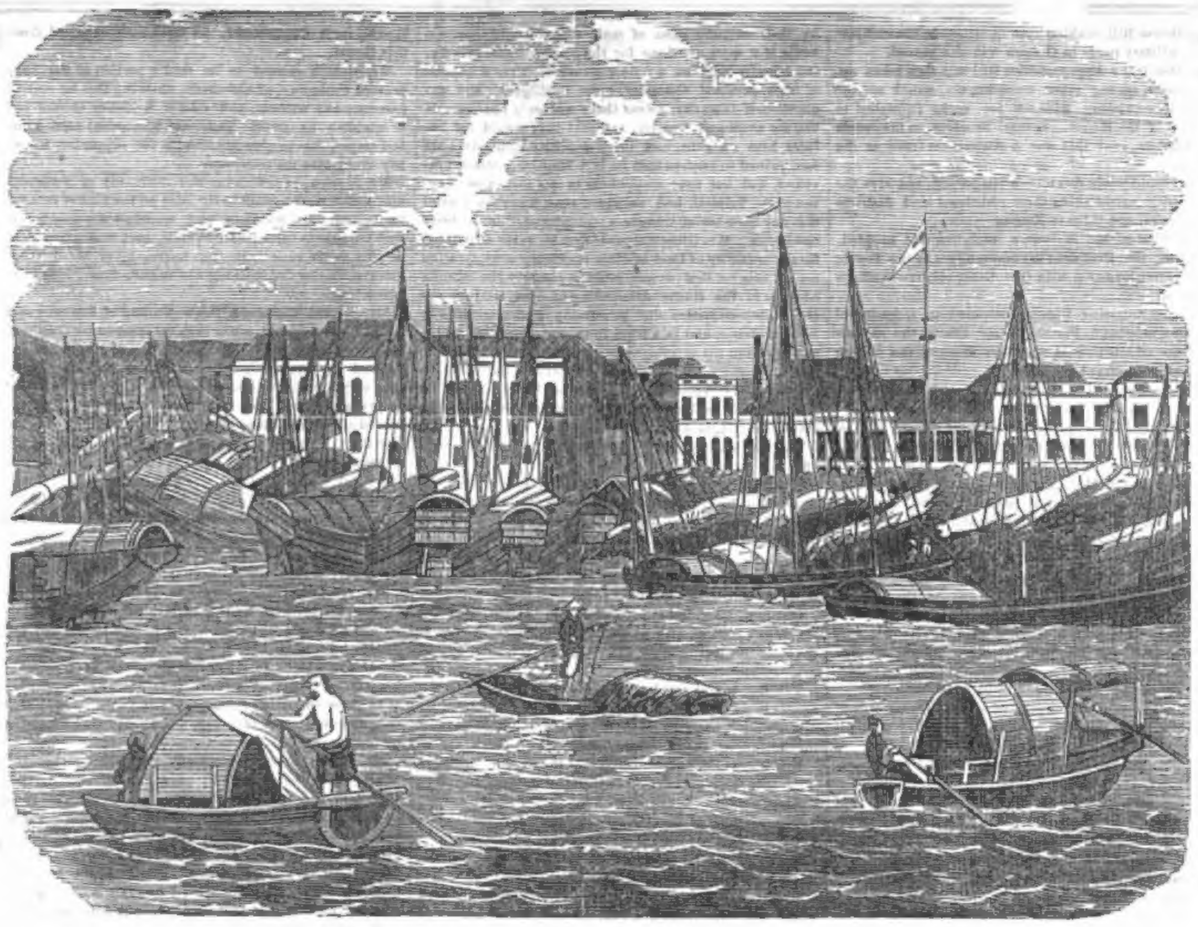
"I tell you I don't."

"I am determined you shall."

"And I am determined that I won't. I've got a pretty French poodle to love."

Tom wilted. He slightly recovered when he recollected that the aforesaid poodle had originally been given by himself to her brother. He thought of the old adage, reversed it to read "Love my dog, love me," and consoled himself with it.

"If you will wait a half hour," said Tom, looking at his watch, "and ask no questions, you shall have a pleasant surprise."



THE ENGLISH FACTORIES AT CANTON.

"Very well. I will wait patiently."

Ere the time had elapsed, the trampling of feet and the tuning of instruments assured Tom's attentive ear that nothing had occurred to postpone the promised treat, the possibility of which had caused him considerable uneasiness.

The serenade was conducted with much skill. Julia was both delighted and surprised—delighted with the choice music selected, and surprised that Tom should have exhibited such exquisite taste in getting it up. She knew very well that he had done it, though he modestly denied it.

She would have invited the musicians in to warm and regale themselves, for the thermometer was below zero, but Tom wickedly persuaded her that they would most probably take heavy colds to which musicians are peculiarly susceptible.

He took his leave with many thanks, which he truly declared he did not deserve.

"How confoundedly cold it is," muttered Tom, on his way home, "and how self-sacrificing Dick and his friends were. Only to think of their standing in this cold until they must have been nearly frozen, to please *our* Julia for *my* benefit," he continued with a complacent air, well satisfied with the effect of his ruse.

CHAPTER II.

The best-laid schemes of men and mice
Gang aft agley. —*Burns.*

"I tell you what it is, Tom, I've found you out, and such an unfriendly, ungenerous and ungentlemanly trick I never heard of before. I could not have believed you would have been guilty of it," said Dick, entering the office of the former a few days after the events narrated. "To think that you would have served *me* so!" Dick was unusually excited, and no wonder.

"What is the matter, my dear fellow? Don't get excited; take a seat, have a cigar, and tell me what has occurred to thus disturb you," said Tom, with a look of injured innocence.—"Surely, you have not been indulging too freely; what did you take?"

"Mr. Mortimer—"

"Oh, I am glad it was not *Miss* Mortimer!" said Tom, interrupting.

"Confound her! no, not her, you—"

"So that we are confounded together, I am satisfied."

"Mr. Mortimer—"

"The more the merrier. I hope it will not seriously hurt us. Had I better not make you an iced lemonade? it will cool you," said Tom, insinuatingly.

"'Tis not as cool as your conduct."

"Then it's seasonable. This is winter. But what has happened to raise your blood to fever heat on such a day as this? I can scarcely keep mine in motion."

"*Will* you allow me to explain?" said Dick, with an attempt at calmness.

"Certainly. I am all attention."

"Mr. Mortimer—"

"Yes, you said you took him."

"I did not. Will you please not interrupt, but listen?"

"You certainly did. Never mind; go on where you left off. You took Mr. Mortimer—"

"Mr. Mortimer met me," exclaimed Dick, again losing his self-control at Tom's pertinacious interruption and misrepresentation.

"Did he *take you*?" asked Tom, quietly.

"No. He gave me to understand what a rascally trick you played off upon me."

"Don't get personal, Dick."

"What have you to say for yourself? How can you look in my face and call me 'my dear fellow?'"

"You have not yet condescended to explain in what I have offended."

"What convenient ignorance! You did not appropriate my serenade? You did not receive Julia's thanks, and whisper love in her ear, while I was nearly freezing? And finally, you did not quietly send a servant to wave a napkin from a window, while I fondly imagined it was Julia?"

The recollection was too much for Hardy.—The idea of Wilson looking up with ardent affection to where the servant, whom he had privately sent, was waving a napkin in token of thanks, struck him as so extremely ludicrous, that he laughed long and heartily.

"Mr. Mortimer did not tell you that I claimed having got up your serenade," replied Hardy, as soon as he could master his risibles.

"No, but from your conversation, Julia was, he said, convinced that it was you, notwithstanding you denied it. You succeeded in conveying that impression, even while denying it."

"Don't you remember what you said a few days ago?"

"What did I say?" asked Dick.

"'That all was fair in love and war.'"

"Then you think it was fair to appropriate my efforts to please," said Dick, by no means satisfied.

"I most certainly do," was the response.

Wilson was nonplussed. He could not but admire Hardy's tact, while he was extremely annoyed at the result. After a moment's deliberation he brightened up.

"Tom," said he, "I will get up another, taking care that it shall be known; I shall then get the credit of both, and you will lose all you have gained by sailing under false colors."

"That is probably the best thing that you could do," answered Hardy, with affected unconcern.

"I will be revenged, depend upon it," and the friends parted more determined than ever to outwit each other.

Wilson lost no time. He made his arrangements with great care. Nothing was overlooked to render the musical treat complete. He contrived that information should be conveyed to his lady-love, and even that capricious individual, the clerk of the weather, seemed to smile on him and vouchsafed a clear, moonlight night.

Hardy had not been idle. He had secured temporary possession of an untenanted house directly opposite to Mr. Mortimer's, and the sneaking in and out the back way, of rough looking men and boys with baskets and bags, boded no good to the success of his rival.

The time fixed arrived, and with it Wilson and his friends; Tom and his motley crew had been in readiness for some time. The first note was scarce sounded ere it was echoed back with such an echo as ne'er sounded on the ears of astonished musicians before. From every room of the unoccupied house arose such unearthly sounds as had never startled that neighborhood from its propriety. Such a howling, such a caterwauling, such a perfect chaos of noises rent the air that each looked at the other aghast. Windows flew up, staid citizens rushed from their beds wondering if Pandemonium had broken loose. The attempts of the serenading party but added to the confusion. The alarm spread, the bells struck, and the firemen hastened to the scene of tumult. Ere matters had reached its climax, Tom and his confederates had decamped, leaving their four footed friends to finish the concert, while Wilson and his assistants retired, chagrined and disgusted, to their homes.

After his signal defeat Wilson could not muster courage to call on Julia. He felt angry at Hardy, but what could he do. He had thrown down the gauntlet and proclaimed "that all was fair in love and war," the consequences had recoiled on his own head, he must e'en bear them. He determined to make one more effort, and by success wipe out the remembrance of his two failures. This time his plans were laid with much caution. The first intimation that Hardy had of his intention was given by meeting the musicians in front of the house as he was leaving it. All was safe now, there was no time to get up an amateur opposition, and all went on pleasantly. Several airs had been played without interruption. Wilson was delighted. He took his guitar and prepared for a song.

"My love is like the red, red rose,
That blooms in summer time;
My love is like—"

He got no further. An organ-grinder across the way struck up at this inopportune moment—

"Old dog Tray."

He waited until it was finished and then tried—

"On the banks of the Gaudniquiver—"

but was echoed by

"The other side of Jordan."

The organ was cracked, so must have been the man, for neither bribes, entreaties, nor threats could move him from the spot, or stop his playing. The crowd smiled at the ludicrous contrast. Poor Wilson again essayed a change,

"Come, oh, come with me, when the moon is beaming,"

and was answered by—

"I'm bound for Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee."

The scene was getting intensely interesting, even his friends could not forbear laughing. Wilson's greatest horror was that of appearing ridiculous in the eyes of the one he loved. Rendered desperate he made a last effort—

"When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell—"

when the organist commenced grinding—

"There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned,
And he died long ago, long ago;
He had no wool on the top of his head,
On the place where the wool ought to grow."

A clear, ringing laugh at an upper window, from whom he too well knew, capped the climax of his discomfiture. He threw down his guitar and incontinently left the scene, and took the early train of cars from the city, not daring to face the jeers of his companions. The organist hastened into a neighboring alley, a change of garments between himself and a person he met there took place, the organ was given up, and Tom Hardy was himself again.

And how fared Tom with Julia? He was forgiven, his mad pranks were overlooked, and he was rewarded with her love, for what woman ever failed to forgive and even reward sins where love for herself prompted their commission?

THE LOST PATH.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

Sweet thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
All comfort else is flown;
For every hope was false to me,
And here I am alone.
What thoughts were mine in early youth!
Like some old Irish song,
Brimfull of love, and life, and truth,
My spirit gushed along.

I hoped, to right my native isle,
I hoped a soldier's fame,
I hoped to rest in woman's smile,
And win a minstrel's name—
Oh, little have I served my land,
No laurels press my brow,
I have no woman's heart or hand,
Nor minstrel honors now.

But fancy has a magic power,
It brings me wreath and crown,
And woman's love, the self-same hour
It smites oppression down.
Sweet thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
I have no joy besides,
Oh, throng around, and be to me
Power, country, fame and bride.

A FRENCH RAT STORY.

A French law journal, the Gazettee des Tribunaux, contains the following strange report:—

"A man named Girome, a discharged Zouave, was yesterday tried by the Tribunal of Correctional Police for swindling. A person named Triquel stated that he is a great fancier of curious animals, and that the prisoner one day came to him, and offered for sale a rat with a trunk. As he had never seen or even heard of such an animal, he asked to see it, and the man showed him a large rat, which had on its snout a long excrescence. He could hardly believe his eyes, and to satisfy himself that he was not the victim of fraud, he pricked the trunk with a pin; the animal uttered a cry, and a drop of blood fell. Convinced by this that the trunk was real, he paid 50f. for the rat, and he subsequently gave another 50f. for a female, in order to increase the breed. He expected to render himself famous by bringing to the knowledge of the public a species of rat of which neither Buffon nor any other naturalist had made mention; but, to his mortification, his two rats with trunks produced young without any. He one day described his rats to an officer who had served in Africa, and the latter burst into a roar of laughter. Having asked the cause of his mirth, the officer told him that no such things as rats with trunks existed, and that they were an invention of the Zouaves. 'An invention of the Zouaves!' cried the perplexed naturalist: 'why, how can that be?' The officer then related to him that the Zouaves are accustomed to take two rats, and fasten them to a flat board, the snout of one towards the tail of the other; they then cut a hole in the snout of the second rat, and insert the tail of the first into it; they then bind the snout up, and leave the two rats together for forty eight hours; by that time the tail has become firm in the incision; and they then separate the two rats by cutting off the tail of the first at a small distance from the snout of the other. The second thus remains ornamented with a trunk, and in about a month the incision in the snout is perfectly healed, so that the trunk appears part and parcel of the animal. Indignant at this imposture, the complainant had the Zouave arrested as a swindler. The tribunal, however, did not consider it swindling, and dismissed the case."

☞ One evening, after a weary march through the desert, Mohammed, camping with his followers, overheard one of them saying: "I will unloose my camel and commit it to God." On which he took him up, and said: "Friend, tie thy camel, and commit it to God."

THE FOREIGN FACTORIES AT CANTON.

[See Engraving.]

Our readers doubtless have seen by the foreign news that the Chinese have succeeded in burning a number of the Foreign Stores or Hongs at Canton. It would seem from this, that the Celestials are not entirely powerless in their enmity. A British naval officer writes, before the burning of the Hongs, as follows:—

"We have found spiking guns of little use here, for the Chinese are capital hands at reboring them; and, when they cannot manage that, they turn the gun over and bore a fresh vent on the opposite side. Yesterday we were busy making a chain of junks across the river, above and below the ships, for they tried to set fire to us three nights ago: they chain a number of their large junks together filled with combustibles, and large pieces of timber hollowed out and filled with powder, the explosion of which is very pretty at night; but, thank Heaven, they have not done us any harm. The large ships cannot get up here, but are anchored about fifteen miles down the river. All the marines and small-arms men are ashore, to protect the English settlement. The flag is in this ship, and the Admiral is living on shore; he is a fine fellow, and lots of fight in him. The Chinese soldiers we are now keeping at bay are about 30 000. The city contains 3,000,000 inhabitants, and is very wealthy. We have burnt some of the suburbs, but the Admiral is sparing the city. Day and night they keep us on the alert with the fire-rafts they drop down with the ebb tide; and the only way to avoid them is to slip and steam up above them.

"—— Since writing the above we have had a job to take some forts called the Bocca Tigris, containing 500 of the largest guns I ever saw—none less than ten inches bore, and some of the brass ones thirteen inches. We towed the *Nankin* into action, the *Barracouta* towed the *Calcutta* (the flag-ship.) After two hours' firing we manned the boats of the squadron, and took the two large forts on Waulong Island, containing 100 guns each. The moment the men got on shore the Chinese took to their boats, and those the boats would not hold took to the water. An immense number of them were drowned from its being spring tide; many were picked up in our boats and landed. We began the action on the 12th at seven, A. M.; and finished it yesterday by noon, with very little harm done to us or the ships."

The following is a description of the Foreign Factories, as they were:—

"The passage from Whampoa to Canton in boats is by no means very agreeable. Commodore Perry describes the stream as muddy and shallow, with scarcely a hut upon its banks until the city is nearly reached, when swarms of floating habitations are seen moored to the banks, five or six tiers deep, and occupied by a wretched, half-clad people. Though these two lines of receptacles of poverty and filth which thus border the stream you pass to the mercantile factory, the residence of most of the foreign merchants, and the spot where the stranger lands. Hence he is conducted to the houses of those to whom he bears letters of introduction, where he is hospitably received, and takes up his lodging, as there are no comfortable places of public entertainment in this quarter.

"On the visit of the Commodore to Canton, he, together with several of his officers, was accommodated at the house of Mr. Forbes, the Consul of the United States, and the head of the firm of Russell & Co. So well-known was this establishment, and so highly appreciated were its proprietors by the Chinese, that, in making a purchase in the city, it was only necessary to direct the shopkeeper to send the article to the house of Mr. Forbes, and there was never any hesitation in assenting at once.

"The comparatively small space occupied by the foreigners on the river side is, notwithstanding its limited extent, a pleasant spot. The whole quarter contains about four acres. The foreign merchants occupy the large buildings in the rear as places of business and abode; while the front, which includes half of the whole area, is beautifully laid out as a garden, with an English church in the centre, and the flags of different nations floating from tall poles planted in various spots. The grounds are arranged with walks, and ornamented with shrubbery and flowering plants, presenting a delightful resort in the freshness of the morning or the cool of the evening. The stranger is struck with the peculiar aspect of the place, when on one side, in proximity to low, dingy, Chinese houses, buildings of European structure rise to the height of three or four stories, while on the other the river is densely populous with the inhabited boats. The foreigners term their residences and places of business factories, but the natives designate them as *hongs*, which is the usual Chinese word for a commercial establishment or warehouse.

"Although there are but few of the larger or public buildings in the foreign quarter, which is but a suburb of the city, there are all the ordinary varieties of streets, houses, and bazaars. Foreigners generally confine their visits to that part adjacent to the garden before mentioned, through which Old and New China streets run.

"The only hotel in the place, frequented by Europeans and Americans, is near the latter street, and is of quite an inferior character. It is the hospitable practice of the foreign merchants to invite strangers to their princely establishments, where a generous profusion and a warm welcome are extended to the visitor. In addition to Old and New China streets, there is, hard by, a narrow, filthy alley, not inappropriately called Hog-lane, and filled with the most abandoned portion of the people, who minister to the vicious appetites of the foreign sailors, supplying them with wretched grog and other dangerous stimulants."

A certain quaint German writer gravely tells us, that once upon a time, eighteen smugglers were crossing a mountain path leading from Switzerland into Italy, with each a sack of gunpowder upon his back. Suddenly the hindermost man noticed that his load was light, and that he had left a train behind; upon which he requested his companions to wait, while he returned to save all he could, and efface the telltale track. The seventeen coolly put down their loads and sat upon them, when suddenly they were all blown up into the air and disappeared. The careless fellow who had retreated, had dropped ashes from his pipe and fired the trains.

☞ A man loves when his judgment approves; a woman's judgment approves when she loves.

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

The Corruption Cases. Defence and Resignation of Mr. Gilbert.—Messrs. Matteson and Edwards Resigned also.—Acquittal of Mr. Welch.

SENATE.—On Feb. 23rd, Mr. Foster presented the credentials of James Dixon, Senator from Connecticut, for six years from the 4th of March next.

Mr. Cass presented the credentials of Mr. Chandler, and Mr. Hunter those of Mr. Mason, severally elected Senators from Michigan and Virginia, for six years from the 4th of March next.

The bill to amend the Tariff Act of 1846, with a view to perfect the home valuation principle, and the main features of which were published about a week ago, passed finally.

The Submarine Telegraph Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Thompson of Kentucky opposed the bill.

Mr. Toombs commenced a speech against the bill, when the hour for going into Executive Session, as previously arranged, having arrived, the Senate went into Executive Session.

On Feb. 24th, the Chair laid before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, stating, in reply to Mr. Wilson's resolution, that the lands at Chelsea, Massachusetts, near the Marine Hospital, have not been sold.

Mr. Brown reported a bill to apportion the clerks in the several departments of the Government among the States and Territories, according to representation.

Mr. Hale moved a reconsideration of the vote by which the Senate had passed the bill authorizing the people of Minnesota to form a Constitution and State Government.

The motion was debated, and the vote by which the bill passed was then reconsidered—yeas 35, nays 21.

Mr. Hale moved to reconsider the vote by which the amendment was adopted, restricting suffrage to citizens of the United States.

Mr. Bigg earnestly argued in favor of retaining the amendment.

Mr. Brown wanted the amendment retained.

Mr. Toombs replied that our fathers had always allowed aliens to vote in cases of this kind, and he could not see that any evil had resulted from it.

Mr. Crittenden regarded this amendment as involving a great and important principle. When the foundations of a future State were to be laid, American hands should perform the work.

On Feb. 25th, the debate on the Submarine Telegraph Bill was resumed.

Its further consideration was suspended by the arrival of the time for resuming the special order, it being the bill authorizing the people of Minnesota to form a Constitution and State Government, preliminary to admission into the Union.

The Senate, by a vote of yeas 31, nays 24, reconsidered the vote by which the amendment was adopted, restricting the right of suffrage to citizens of the United States, and then struck out the amendment, by a vote of yeas 32, nays 24. The bill was then passed in the precise form that it came from the House, yeas 31, nays 23, and it only requires the sanction of the President to become a law.

The consideration of the Submarine Telegraph Bill was then resumed.

The House amendments were agreed to, and the bill now only requires the action of the President.

By unanimous consent, Mr. Gwin presented the credentials of Mr. Broderick, Senator from California, for six years from the fourth of March next.

Mr. Slidell, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a joint resolution allowing Commander Hartstein, Lieutenant Trenchard, Master Morrison, and the petty officers and crew of the Steamer Vixen, to accept certain tokens of acknowledgment from the Government of Great Britain.

On Feb. 26th, Mr. Pratt presented the credentials of Anthony Kennedy, elected a U. S. Senator from Maryland, for six years from the fourth of March next.

Mr. Trumbull said he had been requested to present a memorial from twenty-seven Senators and thirty-six members of the House of Representatives of the Assembly of Indiana, stating that it was important to their rights, as well as the rights of that State, that there should be a speedy decision in the case of Mr. Fitch, who claims to have been elected to a seat in the United States Senate.

Mr. Toombs remarked that he was prepared to make report now, and proceeded to read it. It sets forth that the Committee found that some important matters of fact alleged by the contestants relative to the manner in which the election of Mr. Fitch was held, were denied by him, and hence it became necessary to take the testimony of persons residing in Indiana, for the better ascertainment of the disputed facts. He offered a resolution, that touching the case of the contested election of Mr. Fitch, returned and admitted to a seat from Indiana, the sitting member, and all persons protesting against his election, be permitted to take testimony on the allegations of the contestants and of said member, touching all matters therein contained, before any Judge of the District Court of the United States, or any Judge of the Supreme or Circuit Court of Indiana, by first giving ten days' notice of the time and place of such proceedings, in some public gazette printed in the city of Indianapolis.

The resolution lies over under the rule, and the report was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Rusk, from the Committee on the Post-Office, reported a bill to expedite the construction of a line or lines of magnetic telegraph from the Atlantic to San Francisco.

Mr. Stuart thought it a little singular that Southern Senators should have made so much opposition yesterday to the submarine telegraph, but now when the telegraph line was proposed on the Southern route, none of them opened their mouths against it.

Messrs. Toombs, Rusk, Clay, Butler and Iverson severally repelled, with severe indignation, the idea that they were governed by sectional considerations.

Mr. Stuart said that a reference to the records of this Congress would show that he had stated no more than the truth. He referred to the violent opposition of Southern Senators to the Northern internal improvement bills, but when those in the Southern States came forward, the opposition subsided, and in some cases he had been requested to vote for bills of this character by Southern Senators, who were constrained by their constitutional objections from voting for them.

The bill was passed—yeas 36, nays 15.

The Senate then took up the House Tariff Bill.

The amendment reported by the Committee on Finance, placing linseed in, and taking nine off of the free list, was agreed to. The next amendment of the Committee was an additional section, providing that all articles in schedule A and B, in the act of 1846, shall pay ad valorem duties of thirty per centum, and all articles in schedules C, D, E, F, G, and H, shall pay a duty of one-fifth less than the rates now imposed, with exceptions otherwise provided for in this Act.

The amendment reported by the Committee on Finance, proposing the reduction of those schedules, was adopted—yeas 31, nays 13.

In the clause of the bill relative to the duty on wool unmanufactured, the foreign valuation was substituted for the home valuation.

Mr. Adams' substitute for the bill proposing an uniform reduction of 25 per centum on the rates of the Act of 1846, was adopted—yeas 26, nays 24.

The vote by which Mr. Adams' substitute was adopted, was reconsidered and then rejected, by a tie vote.

Mr. Hunter now offered a substitute, reducing the rates of the present tariff 20 per cent.

An amendment was adopted, placing raw wool at 20 per cent., and that wool costing 20 cents or less per pound, be free.

Mr. Hunter's substitute was adopted—yeas 33, nays 12.

The House bill thus amended was passed, and at twenty minutes past one, (midnight,) the Senate adjourned.

On Feb. 27th, the Senate took up and passed twenty-five private bills, including one permitting Commander Hartstein and others to accept certain tokens of acknowledgment of their humane services from the British Government.

Mr. Adams presented the credentials of Jefferson Davis, elected U. S. Senator from Mississippi, for six years from the 4th of March next.

Evening Session.—The Senate debated for five hours and adopted an amendment authorizing the Postmaster General to contract for the conveyance of the entire letter mail from the Mississippi to San Francisco in four horse coaches, at a cost not exceeding $300,000 per annum for a semi-monthly, $450,000 for a weekly, and $600,000 for a semi-weekly service. The contractors to have the right of pre-emption to 320 acres of land at each point necessary for a station, not nearer than ten miles from each other.

Among other amendments adopted was one appropriating $20,000 for the inland mail service in Washington Territory.

The bill was then passed.

On Feb. 28th, the Senate passed the House Bill, prohibiting the importation of obscene prints, statuettes, etc. Also the House Bill, establishing a post of delivery at Augusta, Geo.

The House Bill, making appropriations to the completion of military roads in Oregon was also passed.

The Deficiency Appropriation Bill was then taken up. The Senate, among other amendments, struck out the clause appropriating $185,000 for books furnished to members of the House. Several Senators, in the course of the debate, said this was a stupendous fraud on the country.

After considerable debate the bill passed, and also the House bills establishing three additional land districts in Nebraska, and three in Kansas.

On motion of Mr. Wilson, a resolution was adopted, requesting the President to communicate to the Senate all the correspondence with Gov. Geary relative to affairs in Kansas.

The Committee on Finance proposed an amendment to create a mission to Persia. After debate, the amendment was adopted—yeas 25, nays 21—and the bill as amended, was passed.

The Senate agreed to the appointment of a Committee of Conference on the Tariff Bill. Messrs. Hunter, Douglas and Seward were appointed to meet Messrs. Campbell, of Ohio, Letcher and Dewitt, the Committee on the part of the House.

On March 2nd, Mr. Cass presented the joint resolutions of the Legislature of Wisconsin, instructing their Senators and requesting the Representatives in Congress to resist the admission of any more slave States into the Union.

The resolutions were postponed.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES on the 23d, the House took up and passed the bill to supply deficiencies in the appropriations, including $350,000 for printing, and nearly $180,000 for books to new members. The latter was carried by three majority, although on Saturday but 97 votes were recorded in its favor.

The bill to pay a company of South Carolina volunteers for services rendered in the war of 1812, was taken up and passed.

The Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Tappan moved to strike out the appropriation of $20,000 for the compensation of the Kansas Legislature, saying he did so for the reason that the House had ascertained and decided that that body was a usurpation. After some debate the appropriation was stricken out—yeas 67, nays 59.

On Feb. 24th, the Executive, Legislative and Judicial bill was passed, the House concurring by two majority in the action of the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, striking out the appropriation of $20,000 for the expenses of the Kansas Legislature.

The House passed the joint resolution passed by the Senate for ascertaining and fixing the relative value of the coins of Great Britain and the United States. It provides that the Secretary of the Treasury shall appoint a suitable person to act with such functionary as may be appointed by the British Government, with the view of effecting that object, and the agent of this Government to report as soon as possible. The House made an amendment, fixing his salary at $3,000 for the full service.

Mr. Sherman rose to a personal explanation, saying he had noticed in the official report of the proceedings of yesterday, the words "that's a lie," uttered in a low tone of voice, and attributed to Mr. Wright of Tennessee, as having been used in reply to some things he (Mr. Sherman) had said, pending the debate on the amendment striking out the appropriation for the Kansas Legislature. Mr. Sherman now wished Mr. Wright to say what he chose relative to that remark, and whether he was or was not correctly reported.

Mr. Wright replied that he meant by it no disrespect to the House. He believed at the time, and now believed the statement made by that gentleman untrue.

Mr. Sherman said the remark was made in so low a tone that it was not and could not be heard in his part of the House. From what he could learn he believed it was the language of blackguardism, induced by excitement and intoxication.

The Speaker reminded the gentleman that he was not in order.

Mr. Sherman had supposed that it was only necessary to call the attention of the member (with whom his relation heretofore, though not intimate, had been kindly,) to the remark which had been read, to call forth from him a manly retraction. But in this he found he was totally mistaken.

Mr. Wright replied that he could not, of course, be expected to bandy epithets with the gentleman from Ohio, until he relieved himself of the imputations already cast upon him. That was all he had to say.

The House took up and passed the bill to refund the duties on goods destroyed by the fire in New York, and also the joint resolution from the Senate, authorizing the Secretary to cause inquiry to be made into Bagley's process for preventing the abrasion, counterfeiting and deterioration of the coins of the United States.

Mr. Colfax, from the Committee on Elections, to which the House referred the petition of 2,200 citizens of California, asking for the expulsion of Mr. Herbert, for killing Keating, reported that the petition was accompanied by no proof, and no authority was given the Committee to compel the attendance of witnesses; therefore, it was for the House to determine what further action shall be taken.

Mr. Herbert remarked that he was credibly informed by Californians now here, that this petition was got up in the Vigilance Committee Room in San Francisco.—He did not believe a man of them ever voted for him, and they were considered already as outlaws. He looked on the petition as a compliment from that quarter.

On motion of Mr. Boyce the report was laid upon the table.

Mr. Walker had endeavored to say a few words, having acted as Mr. Herbert's counsel; but Mr. Trafton, of Mass., interposed an objection, to which Mr. Walker retorted, "it came from a political parson." Subsequently, Mr. Walker said he made that remark without remembering that Mr. Trafton was a minister, perhaps the pastor of some church, a profession which prevented him from resenting an insult. Under the circumstances, he should feel ashamed of himself did he not apologise to him. If he had wounded him he was most heartily sorry for it.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, indicated his desire to proceed to the consideration of the River and Harbor Bills.

Mr. Letcher inquired—"What's the use? They'll only be vetoed."

Mr. Washburne—"We'll pass them over the veto."

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, made ineffectual motions for the consideration of the various general appropriation bills, but the friends of the internal improvement measures voted them down.

The struggle continued for several hours, when finally the Committee rose.

On Feb. 25th, Mr. Davis, of Maryland, called up the resolution of the Select Committee for the expulsion of Wm. A. Gilbert, of New York.

Mr. Bennett, of New York, said that certain parts of the testimony of the witnesses, Sweeney and Simonton, are not published with the evidence, such omissions having been made by the direction of the Committee. The suppressed testimony is deemed material to Mr. Gilbert's defence.

Considerable debate and inquiry ensued. Finally Mr. Orr said that he had sent to the printing office for the original document. This was subsequently compared in some parts with the printed volume, by which it appeared that omissions were, among others, made to the following effect: When Mr. Sweeney was cross-examined as to Mr. Gilbert, he said: "I do not wish to launch out on a sea of this kind, as I shall be liable to break down the testimony I have already given." In another part, Mr. Sweeney says: "It seems to me you already have evidence enough to convict him (Gilbert);" and again, the witness said to the Committee: "You should not lead me so far off as to make what I have said improbable."

Mr. Orr then said that the changes in every respect were made at the instance of Mr. Sweeney, who wished to present his testimony fairly and properly before the House.

Discussion followed, in the course of which Mr. Colfax pointed out gross contradictions between Messrs. Sweeney and Triplett. On the first day neither remembered Mr. Welch, in spite of the most searching questions, while three days after, both impliente him at the same session of the Committee, and Mr. Triplett remembered then a dozen conversations with him, and next day further remembered that Mr. Welch solicited more pay if they had it to distribute. Mr Sweeney also twice testified that he had an individual contract with Mr. Triplett, but the Committee did not ask him what it was. Mr Triplett said Mr. Sweeney was not present when Mr. Gilbert was introduced to them, but the Committee did not attempt to prove it by Mr. Triplett, who introduced them.

Mr Gilbert's defence was read. He assumes that the Committee went beyond the power conferred by the resolution, under which they were appointed. The only two witnesses are Messrs. Sweeney and Triplett, who stand, by their own confession, in the position of acknowledged accomplices in each other's guilt, and seek to connect him with themselves in their offence, thereby to escape the consequence of their own admitted acts. The shallow effort of the Committee to strengthen their statement by their corroboration of each other, would excite a smile if it were not done for the grave purpose of affixing a guilty stain on a fellow member. Five witnesses of high personal character, great intelligence and unquestioned integrity, swear that Sweeney's character is bad for truth and veracity, and that they would not believe him on oath, and the Committee themselves are constrained to confess that he is "vindictive when provoked, and not over scrupulous in his measures of revenge." Triplett had no more than Sweeney's word that any member of Congress was interested in the book resolution. Mr. Gilbert repeats that he never stipulated for any quantity of land or other pecuniary consideration for his vote for that or any other measure. He submits his case to the House, demanding an open trial by the House, where justice will be administered according to legal evidence, and in a legal form, and where his rights as a man and his privileges as a member will be respected. Protesting his innocence in fact and intention, in every respect wherewith he stands charged, with an apology for the length of his remarks, he cheerfully abides the judgment of the House.

The House disagreed to the resolution—yeas 73, nays 130.

Mr. Bennett of New York, said that the report should be recommitted, with instructions to print the omitted parts of the testimony and all the particulars relative to the suggestions to and the response from Sweeney and Simonton.

After some discursive debate on the character of the reports, the House adjourned.

On Feb. 26th, the House, under the operation of the previous question, passed the miscellaneous, the army, the navy, the fortification, and ocean mail steamer appropriation bills.

The House also acted on the amendments made by the Senate to the Indian Appropriation Bill, and tabled by five majority, the bill to invest $3,000,000, held in trust for the Indians in safe State stocks.

The Speaker then announced that the next business in order was the report of the Investigating Committee in the case of Wm. A. Gilbert.

Whereupon, on motion of Mr. Orr, the House adjourned.

On Feb. 27th, the House resumed the consideration of the resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Gilbert.

Mr. Gilbert rose to speak, and the members gathered about him. He remarked that he rose with an unusual degree of emotion, but he felt in his own conscience that he was not condemned. Although he had been placed thus before this assemblage and his name spread broadcast over the land he was convinced of his own innocence. He stood here void of offence. The volume of evidence regarding himself had been commented on by others, and he would add no weight to what had been said. He submitted to gentlemen, men of intelligence and lawyers, whether, on such evidence, they sitting as a jury, would enforce a judgment in a civil suit for $25. On that evidence he had been arraigned and charges preferred against him, which, if true, would affix upon his name an enduring stigma. His position in life was well known, and he challenged any man to say aught against his personal or official conduct.

The attempt to fix a stigma on his good name was unprecedented. He charged the House with gross injustice towards him, his family, his friends, his constituents and the world, in depriving him of a fair hearing. He felt confident that on his trial he would come out unscathed. There was a history connected with Mr. Sweeney that is yet a secret. He has been home since he testified. He has been associated with men who have used him as a tool, according to his (Gilbert's) honest belief, and he thought he could be sustained. There are men high in authority who dare not cross Sweeney's track. If the House had gone into a trial, some astonishing developments would have been made. He was prepared, if the trial had been accorded, to vindicate himself.

Mr. Gilbert sent up a paper to the Clerk, which was read. It stated that the Committee had refused him a fair hearing, had reported garbled *ex parte* testimony, with the view to convict him. He concluded by saying, that from this moment he resigned his seat as a member, and notified the Governor of New York of the fact.

This announcement took the House by surprise. Mr. Gilbert immediately left his seat.

The resolutions of the Investigating Committee, in the case of Mr. Gilbert, was then tabled—yeas, 135, nays 68.

Mr. Morgan sent up to the Clerk a letter from Mr. Matteson, addressed to the Speaker, to the effect that he had, under a resolution previously adopted, filed his reasons for refusing to submit to the usurpation of the Committee of Investigation; and as a trial had been denied to Mr. Gilbert, he had no right to expect that any larger measure of justice would be accorded to him. A secret inquisition, without warrant or authority, had taken testimony against him without his knowledge, and on that testimony had invoked the House to punish him to the greatest extent it could inflict. It was, therefore, too plain that neither the rights of his constituents nor his own could be any longer secure or respected, and he therefore deemed it to be his duty forthwith to resign as a member of the House.

Mr. Bennett, of New York, moved to lay on the table the Committee's resolutions respecting Mr. Matteson.

The motion was disagreed to—yeas 95, nays 102.

Mr. Matteson was not present during these proceedings.

Mr. Bennett, of New York, raised a point of order, that as Mr. Matteson had resigned, it was not competent for the House further to proceed with the report of the Committee. Overruled.

The reading of Mr. Matteson's answer to the resolutions of the Committee was earnestly demanded by various gentlemen.

Mr. Dunn remarked that the communication read today from Mr. Matteson being scurrilous, he objected to any other from that source.

Mr. Warner having the right to the floor, proceeded to refer to the testimony in Mr. Matteson's case, saying that Mr. Matteson admitted that the giving of one-fourth of a factory, and having here $100,000 to be given to "outsiders," in order to carry the Desmoines Bill through the House, was legitimate. If such be the moral standing of Mr. Matteson, he should like to know who upheld such an opinion? and hence he wished a vote on the resolutions. Mr. Matteson had denied that he had committed an offence on the House, as the money was not proved to be used to influence members; but Mr. Warner referred to legal documents to show that Mr. Matteson had been guilty of an offence justifying the severest punishment. Up to the time of his appointment, he did not know any of this outside influence.

Mr. Orr made a brief speech in defence of the action of the Committee, insisting that they were governed by fairness in eliciting the testimony.

Mr. Bennett, of New York, moved to lay the resolution on the table, but the motion was lost—yeas 93, nays 108.

Resolved, That Orsemus B. Matteson, a member of this House from the State of New York, did invite parties deeply interested in the passage of a joint resolution for conveying the Desmoines Grant to have here and use a large sum of money, and other considerations corruptly for the purpose of procuring the passage of said joint resolution through this House.

Suggestions were made and objected to, to insert ex-member instead of "member."

The resolution was adopted—yeas 145, nays 17.

Those voting in the negative were Messrs. Albright, Bennett, of New York, Burlingame, Campbell, of Ohio, Chase, Clark, of New York, Colfax, Davis, of Mass., Dickson, Granger, Halloway, Miller, of New York, Morgan, Murray, Oliver, of New York, Walbridge and Woodruff.

The second and third resolutions were then read as follows:

Resolved, That Orsemus B. Matteson, in declaring that a large number of the members of this House had associated themselves together and pledged themselves, each and the other, not to vote for any law or resolution granting money or lands, unless they were paid for it, has falsely and wilfully assailed and defamed the character of this House, and has proved himself unworthy to be a member thereof.

Resolved, That Orsemus B. Matteson, a member of the House from the State of New York, be, and is hereby expelled therefrom.

Mr. Dunn moved to lay on the table. Disagreed to—yeas 75, nays 99.

The second resolution was adopted. The third was laid on the table.

Mr. Davis, of Maryland, called up the resolutions in the case of Mr. Welch, which were read as follows:

Resolved, That Wm. W. Welch did corruptly combine with Wm. A. Gilbert, a member of this House from New York, to procure the passage of a resolution or bill through the House, for the purchase of certain copies of the work of Mr. Triplett, on the Pension and Bounty Land Laws, for money to be paid the said Gilbert on its passage.

Resolved, That William W. Welch did attempt to procure money from James R. Sweeney, for reporting favorably on the claim of Roxana Kimball, from the Committee on Invalid Pensions at this Congress.

Resolved, That William W. Welch, member of this House, from Connecticut, be forthwith expelled from this House.

Mr. Stanton caused to be read a portion of the suppressed testimony, of Simonton, showing that he named Sweeney as a witness, and said if Sweeney should fail to establish the specific facts, he (Simonton) held himself responsible to give his reasons for supposing Sweeney could give the testimony.

Mr. Stanton, in reviewing the testimony of Sweeney, said that it was unqualifiedly false on the face of this examination. Mr. Sweeney had manifested a deeply settled purpose to injure Mr. Welch, and was steeped in perjury to the very lips. The testimony of Mr. Triplett showed that he had nothing but vague, loose, indefinite suspicions.

Mr. Seward examined the testimony of Sweeney and Triplett, stating that, when they were asked by the Committee whether they knew of any member who had expressed the expectation to receive any compensation, they unqualifiedly answered "no." On the first day of their examination, they implicated no member, and the record shows that they afterward voluntarily came before the Committee. He would scorn to convict any one on such testimony. Let Mr. Welch go with his fair fame and character—there was nothing against him.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, had come to the conclusion that the report of the Committee in this case ought not to be adopted.

Mr. Dean bore testimony to the irreproachable character of Mr. Welch, his colleague.

Mr. Walker said, throwing aside Mr. Sweeney's testimony, it appeared by that of Mr. Triplett that the latter had no doubt that Welch was to be a beneficiary under the book contract. His rule was where a member of the House was so lost to common sense, so forgetful of his own personal dignity, as regardless of his position as to allow any man to approach him in this way, he not only deserved to be expelled, but should be kicked out by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

Mr. Smith, of Alabama, was not willing that Mr. Walker's doctrines should pass uncontradicted. His colleague had assumed that if a man is not free from suspicion he ought to be convicted. Suspicion was at best but a breath of slander, and were the common law principles to be violated, and Mr. Welch crushed on suspicion? If doubts exist, the accused should have the benefits of them. He introduced into this court as a witness, the character of that unimpeached witness.

Mr. Davis, of Maryland, argued to show that Mr. Triplett, as regards Mr. Welch, bore all the marks of a true witness, and had distinctly stated that there was no doubt in his mind, that Mr. Welch expected to have an interest in the pecuniary arrangements relative to the passage of the book resolution.

Mr Smith, of Virginia, offered the following as a substitute for the Committee's resolutions:

Resolved, That there has been no sufficient evidence elicited by the Committee who were charged with and have reported in the case of Mr. Welch, and no further proceeding should be had against him.

Adopted by a vote of—yeas 119, nays 42.

On Feb. 20th, the House, on motion, took up the report of the Select Committee in the case of Mr. Edwards, and the resolutions were read as follows:

Resolved, That Francis S. Edwards, member of this House, from the State of New York, did, on the 23d day of December last, attempt to induce Robert T. Paine, a member of this House from the State of North Carolina, to vote contrary to the dictates of his judgment and conscience, on a bill making a grant of lands to aid in the construction of a railroad in the Territory of Minnesota, by holding out a pecuniary consideration to said Paine for his support of said bill.

Resolved, That Francis S. Edwards be and is hereby expelled from the House.

Mr. Edwards made a speech in his own defence, saying that he had never given a vote on any bill that was not sanctioned by his judgment, and concluding with an announcement of the resignation of his seat in Congress.

On motion of Mr. Ritchie, the resolutions in the case of Mr. Edwards were then laid upon the table.

The resolution for the expulsion of James W. Simonton was then taken up and adopted with an amendment including Mr. Triplett in the expulsion.

The bill to punish corruption in Congress was then taken up and passed as reported by the Select Committee. It was, however, reconsidered and laid on the table. The House refused to discharge the Committee of the Whole from the consideration of the river and harbor bills. The Senate amendments to the Tariff Bill were not concurred in, and a Committee of Conference was asked for.

On March 2nd, the joint resolution from the Senate, suspending the rules prohibiting the sending bills from one House to the other or presenting them to the President for his approval on the first day of the session, was adopted.

A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—*A Petrified Human Body.*—Some seven years since, says the Elmira Advertiser, Whittington Sayre, a gentleman extensively engaged in the lumber business in that place, and highly respected by a large circle of acquaintances, went on a visit to a couple of sons near Milwaukee, Wiscon in; but shortly after arriving there, he was taken ill, died, and was buried in one of the graveyards of that city. A few weeks since, on account of a road being about to be opened through the ground where his remains were deposited, it was determined to disinter them for burial elsewhere. On removing the earth from the coffin (which was considerably decayed), it was found that Mr. Sayre's body was in as good a state of preservation as when interred. It was taken from the grave and examined by a large number of people. The general opinion was that the petrification had been occasioned by some action of the soil; but when the remains of others, in adjoining graves were taken up they were found to be almost entirely decomposed. Every feature of Mr. Sayre's face was perfectly preserved, and the whole body was as hard as the hardest stone. This is a remarkable case, and will give rise to some speculation among the scientific and curious.

DEATH OF THE ORIGINAL UNCLE TOM.—The Indianapolis Journal mentions the death in that city, on Sunday last, of Thomas Magruder an old negro, aged 110 years. He is supposed to have been the one who suggested the name and the leading features of the character in Mrs. Stowe's novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This supposition is based on the coincidence of name and character, and on the fact, says the Journal, "that Henry Ward Beecher, during his residence here, was a constant visitor of 'Uncle Tom's,' well acquainted with his history, and a sincere admirer of his virtues. We have been told that Mrs Stowe herself sometimes called to see the old man. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' too, was the name of his house among all his acquaintances and was a familiar phrase here long before Mrs. Stowe immortalized it. At all events, we know that it is the impression with all the friends of Mrs Stowe and her brother, in this city, that 'Old Uncle Tom' was the original, or at least the suggestion, of the hero of the 'Cabin.'"—*Cin. Gaz.*

A YANKEE TALKING LIGHTNING.—An engine on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad broke down last week at nine o'clock at night, nine miles distant from a station.—The conductor instantly started on foot through the snow to get another machine. A telegraph operator in one of the cars, named Stager, (of course a Yankee,) hearing the cause of the detention got out and taking down the main wire from the pole along-side of the track, cut it,—attached small brass wires to the ends, "dotted" the distress of his train to the Pittsburg and Brighton stations; and putting one of the brass points to his tongue, read the answer that an engine should be immediately sent, and talked off this pleasant lightning to his anxious and impatient fellow passengers.—*Albany Journal.*

HOOPOLOGY.—At a grand ball in Paris, lately, a fashionable lady, who had gone to the utmost in her extent of *crinoline*, was taking gaily to her friend, General ——, who so distinguished himself in the war with Russia. As she played with one of the folds of her enormous petticoat, she playfully inquired of her military friend what he thought of her *toilette* for the evening?

"Ah, Madame," he said, with a sigh, "it is more than beautiful to me."

"How?" she asked, dropping her eyes to conceal her pleasure at the expected compliment.

"It reminds me so," said the General, "of the *tent* under which I slept so soundly, in our encampments in the Crimea."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 213—Adults 80, and children 133.

FEMALE SHARP PRACTICE.—Some years ago, a young gentleman, living in Crawford county, went "West," settled in a western city, and became rich. He married a lady residing in the city where he located. After he had been married about six months, he prepared to visit Crawford county, in company with his bride. But a few days before he was to start, he was accidentally killed by a crate of crockery falling on him from the second story of his warehouse. This event was duly communicated to his family in Ohio. That was about eighteen months ago.

About three months since, the father of the deceased was startled to see a carriage driving up to his door. A very interesting lady, dressed in mourning, stepped out and introduced herself as the widow of the dead son. Great was the joy of the household at the visit of their beloved son and brother's relict. She said she was going to Rhode Island, and could not resist the opportunity of seeing the parents and relatives of her "beloved Harry." This was accompanied by a flood of tears and "furnace sighs." Three weeks passed by, and she had worked her way deep into the affections of the family. She was regarded as a daughter—as a sister. The hour came for her departure—they had exchanged miniatures—the farewells were said—the blubbering was at its very height, when she called the old gentleman to one side, and with great embarrassment, told him that she had lost her pocket-book in the cars, containing all but a trifle of her funds. She felt a diffidence in making the request, but if she could not apply to her "beloved Harry's" father, to whom could she go?

The old man's heart melted, and in a moment his wallet was produced and ten X's of the Seneca County Bank were tendered and accepted. She departed—alas, that dear friends must part! Time flew and a month passed, but nothing was heard from "beloved Harry's" relict. The old gentleman became alarmed, and addressed a letter to the father of his son's wife, detailing the circumstances of her visit. An answer came. It stated that the widow of his late son was at home—had not been away—and that from the description given, the woman who personated her, was a servant girl who had lived with them, and had gleaned enough of the history of Harry's family in Ohio to enable her to play his wife.—*Tiffin (Ohio) Adv., Feb. 13.*

NOT BAD.—Among the visitors to Mr. Buchanan, during the past week, was Mr. James Maher, the public gardener, who presented the President elect with a beautiful bouquet.—"Jimmy" was honored by "Buck" with a seat to his arm chair, and then the following dialogue ensued:

Buck—"Well, Jimmy, this is really a hand some present, and if I only had a lady to bestow it upon, it would be still more valuable in my estimation than what it is."

Jimmy—"Mr. President elect, by the powers, we have taken care of the buck, it is now for you to look for a doe."

There was a hearty laugh among the company at this well-timed hit, in which Mr. Buchanan joined.

MRS. RUSH'S JEWELS.—No clue has yet been found by the police as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Rush's jewels, valued at twenty thousand dollars.

THE largest gas holder in the world is in Philadelphia. It is 160 feet in diameter, and weighs 25 000 pounds, and will contain 1,800,000 cubic feet of gas.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 2.

430 Cattle arrived at Lowrie's Avenue Drove Yard during the week; 75 head of Lancaster county Cattle, sold by Adam Reed at from $6 to $6.50 ₩ 100 lbs; 40 head Ohio Cattle, good quality, sold by John McClees, at from $ 6.50 to $11.50 ₩ 100; 54 head Virginia Cattle, sold by Thos. Strickland, at from $10.50 to $11.50 ₩ 100 lbs; 75 head Lancaster county Cattle, sold by Abraham and Eckman, prices ranging from $7.50 to $11.50 ₩ 100 lbs; to head Chester county Cattle, extra quality, sold by Alexander Kennedy, at from $ 11 to $12 ₩ 100 lbs; 150 head, sold by different owners, prices ranging from $8.50 to $10.50 ₩ 100 lbs; 150 Cows and Calves, prices from $30 to $60 ₩ head; Dry Cows from $ 30 to $35 ₩ head, markets dull; 150 head of Horses, selling slowly, but at high prices. 700 Sheep arrived during the week, an improvement in the market, prices ranging from 9½ to 12c ₩ lb, dressed; markets brisk.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Whole carcass	8 @ 9
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	14 @ 16	*Veal.*	
Sirloin steak	12 @ 16	Fore quarter, ₩ lb	5
Rump do	11 @ 10	Hind do	11
Chuck pieces	8 @ 12½	Loin	13
Plates and navels,		Cutlets	14
Corned	6 @ 10	Sweetbread, each	18
Tongues, fresh,	45 @ 55	*Pork.*	
Tongues, each,	31½ @ 37½	Young pigs	$1 25 @1 75
Shin	25 @ 30	Salt and fresh ₩ lb	10 @ 12½
Kidney	8 @ 12½	Feet, ₩ set	18½ @ 25
Liver ₩ lb	6½	Tripe, ₩ lb	4 @ 6½
Dried Beef ₩ lb	20	Lard do	13 @ 15
Lamb.		Hams, smoked	12½ @ 15
Fore quarter	75 @ 87½	Bologna Sausage	18 @ 20
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Fresh Sausage, ₩ lb	14 @ 16
Chop ₩ lb	9 @ 10	Pudding ₩ lb	10 @ 12
Calves' Head, each	25 @ 31	Scrapple ₩ lb	8 @ 10
Mutton.		Spare Rib ₩ lb	10
Leg, Loin, Chp, ₩ lbs	8 @ 10	Tender Loin ₩ lb	18 @ 18½
Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8	Hogshead Cheese ₩ lb	10

VEGETABLES

Tomatoes bkt	18½ @ 25	Corn potatoes bu 30 @	$1 10
do hf pk	6 @ 8	do cut	37½ @ 00
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do hf pk	6 @ 12½
Cabbage big	87½ @ 1 00	Sweet potatoes bkt	87 @ 1 00
do h'd	3 @ 5	do hf pk	10 @ 16
Celery bunch	4 @ 6½	Onions	87½ @ 1 00
Spinach bkt	4 @ 5	do hf pk	18½ @ 20
Rice Plants each	3 @ 12	Lima Beans qt	12½ @ 15
Pickles bkt	31½ @ 37½	Carrots do	12

FRUIT.

Cranberries qt	12	Chestnuts qt	12½ @ —
Apples ₩ bkt	62½ @ 1 12½	do bush	$ 50 @ 4 00
do hf pk	12½ @ 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ₩ lb	13½ @ 14	Geese ₩ lb	9 @ 11
Turkeys each	1 00 @ 1 25	do each	1 @ 1 50
Ducks tame pr	75 @1 25	Rabbits pr	15 @ 25
Chickens ₩ lb	9 @ 11	Squirrels each	12½ @ —
Chickens ₩ pair	1 @ 1 50	Bear Meat lb	15 @ 20
Sgo Pig'ns pr	25 @ 31½	Venison lb	15 @ 18
Wild Pig'ns do	1 00 @1 12½	Frogs do	25 @ 50

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin Soups do	$12 @ 16 00	Oysters, Accomm.	
do Chow & Deli	10 00 @ 12 00	₩ bbl	62 @ 75
Lobsters lb	12½ @ 15	do ₩ M	4 00 @5 00
Clams M	1 00 @2 00	M. Rive Cove M	6 00 @8 00
		N. Y. do ₩ bbl	1s 00 @2s 00

FISH.

Haddock lb	— @ 12	Perch bunch	18 @ 25
Bass	— @ 9	Catfish	6 @ 12
Porgies	— @ 8	Eels	8 @ 12
Flounders	— @ 8	Salt Sand fh	12
Cod	5 @ 6	" Mackerel	12
Blackfish	— @ 8	Dry Cod	4 @ 6
Smelts	— @ 20	Smked Herring, each	6
White Fish	— @ 12½	Fresh Shad each	25c to $1 00
Roes	8 @ 12½	Fresh Salmon lb,	$1,50 a 2,00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	23 @ 25	Honey lb	20 @ 25
Roll do	17 @ 20	Apple Butter qt	18 @ 18
Eggs doz	18 @ 20	Pumpkins ea	5 @ 25
Sweetcorn, cake	1		

Meats are somewhat lower. Fish plenty.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING PO

THE PETTICOAT QUESTION.—The secret of the ease and grace with which the Empress can support the enormous rotundity of skirts, which she still wears, lies simply in the gradation of stiffness existing in each petticoat—each one of lighter and more elastic material as it approaches the surface. The taste and care with which her majesty is thus attired will forever cause the despair of those ladies who, still maintaining the same extent of crinoline, take not the same especial precaution concerning the ease with which it sets to the figure. "To be or not to be," is, indeed, the question, as regards the folly of the mode. A party has formed, strong from its position, against its encroachments, while on the other hand a stronger party insists on the maintenance of its power. The Empress herself has pronounced in favor of its reign, while the Faubourg St. Germain is revolting openly against its enormity. The invitations issued for the great ball given by the Duchesse De Saint M———, on the occasion of her daughter's marriage, bore the singular recommendation, printed in the body of the invitation, "sans crinoline," and thus more than two hundred ladies, all leaders of fashion, and (more than that) leaders of distinction, likewise appeared with their dresses reduced to the graceful proportions of the human figure, and the sight was so much applauded that we hope it may give the first impulsion to a return to reason and common sense. Danton's soiree has likewise been of service in recalling the ladies of Paris to a consciousness of the inferior position they have assumed by the disguise they have been wearing so long. The talented sculptor exhibited at this soiree the companion studies he has been executing for the Emperor of Russia—the one a simple beauty attired in the graceful drapery of antiquity; the other a lady of fashion *affublee* in all the hundred wonders of the most stupid and ungraceful mode that was ever invented. The amusement of the soiree consisted in the rehearsal of the model from which the sculptor had copied the figure—the various contrivances made use of to produce the result here exhibited—the artifice which had been employed to destroy the beauty of God's work, and the pains and trouble which had been resorted to, in order to deface the harmony of nature. Needless to say, that while the gentlemen were much amused at the exhibition, the ladies were rather *penaudes*; but, notwithstanding all this, they withdrew from the entertainment more than ever persuaded to continue their efforts to outstrip (?) their neighbors in the grandeur and extent of their crinoline.—*London Court Journal.*

A BALLOON STORY.—FROM FRANCE TO ALGIERS IN A BALLOON.—We find the following remarkable paragraph is one of our English papers, under the head of "Wonderful, if true:"

"A small Paris journal, called *Les Contemporains*, has just published a most strange account, signed Henri Pige, of an aerostatic excursion, which the article declares has solved the long canvassed problem of directing balloons. The persons who are stated to have made the excursion, are the Count de Plenvier, M. Gavarni, M. Migeon, Mr. Falconer, an English aeronaut, and M. Henri Page, the writer. The apparatus used is stated to have cost not less than 800,000f, the greater portion of which was furnished by Count de Pluvier. The machine is represented as consisting of two balloons united together, of a spherical form, able to contain 100 pounds of pure hydrogen gas. The directing power is a modified screw, communicating with the car, and a rudder, made principally of whalebone, to change the direction when required. M. Gavarni, the inventor, it is declared, can obtain the upward movement of the balloon without throwing out ballast, which system soon exhausts the resources of the very best constructed balloon, and becomes an invincible obstacle to long excursions in the air. The loss of hydrogen is instantaneously repaired by a chemical proceeding, of which M. Migeon is said to possess the secret, and by a little apparatus of communication, also invented by M. Gavarni. The descent is effected, as hitherto, by letting the gas escape. The departure of the aeronauts, on the occasion referred to, took place on the 15th of January, at ten in the morning, from the park of Ferrieres, in the Solonge; and the next morning, at five, the aerial travellers effected a safe descent within half a mile of Algiers. 'We received,' says the account, 'the most touching hospitality. The inhabitants wanted to carry us in triumph, but we declined the honor, and, as soon as we could, went to take some repose, leaving our aerostic apparatus under the guardianship of a file of Zouaves. Marshal Randon, deigned to congratulate us, and pressed the hand of M. Gavarni with the utmost warmth. We remained on the African soil only 30 hours, and left at noon the day after our arrival, in sight of an immense multitude who had assembled to see us ascend from the Mole. Our return was effected without the slightest incident, but with much greater rapidity. At half past four the next morning, we alighted at the spot from which we started, in the park of Count de Pluvier."

AGE OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf 20; a fox 14 or 16; lions are long lived—Pompey lived to the age of 70. The average of cats is 14 years, a squirrel and hare 7 or 8 years; rabbits 7. Elephants have been known to live to the greatage of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription—"Alexander, the son of Jupiter, had dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found 354 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years; the rhinoceros to 20. A horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages 25 to 30. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of 10. Cows live about 15 years; Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of 1,000. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years. Ravens have frequently reached the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 360 years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.

A JUDGE PLAYING EXECUTIONER.—Judge Wright, of Logansport, Indiana, has a novel method of enforcing the laws concerning the abatement of nuisances. On returning home one Saturday evening, lately, he found that a keeper of a three cent rum-hole in the village had decoyed a young son of his into his barroom, and plied the boy with "stone fence greased lightning rum" until he was stupefied. The Judge said nothing that night, but, like the owl, "he kept up a devil of a thinking," and next morning before going to church, he took an axe, and entering the grog shop, coolly demolished the counter, shelves, demijohns, decanters, glasses, barrels, &c., until not one fixture remained. The inmates of the establishment would have liked to interfere, but the axe was heavy, the Judge was swinging it with a muscular arm, and his eyes appeared of a glass-green color. After the exasperated father had abated this nuisance, he calmly went to church, and no one would have known, from his appearance or demeanor, that he had been in any way disturbed.

TERRIBLE FAMINE IN NORWAY.—Owing to a failure of crops, the inhabitants of the North Cape of Norway, are in a state of starvation. It is painful to think while we sit at our abundant tables, that so many people are racked with hunger. Hundreds, it is said, are dying daily, and the living are compelled to subsist as they best can, on the bark of trees, ground and cooked with oats. In order to alleviate these sufferings, charitable Committees have been organized on the opposite coasts of the Gulf of Bothnia, to collect contributions in kind, such as corn, flour, vegetables and spirits, which will be conveyed to them across the ice in sledges. As an addition to the suffering of these poor creatures, the cold is of a severity rarely experienced even in these ice-bound countries. Bayard Taylor will probably have a hard time of it, in his Leyland tour.

FEARFULLY BEAUTIFUL.—M. de Morny, the reputed brother of the Emperor Napoleon, who was married in St. Petersburgh last month to the Princess Sophia Troubetskoi is about 53 years old. His bride is 18 or 19, and is described as "fearfully beautiful." She was brought up at the institution of the Imperial Maids of Honor, and the Empress Dowager wished to give her to the reigning empress as one of her ladies; but the Empress Marie said she would have nothing to do with her, for that she was "far, far too beautiful." The new Countess de Morny, is evidently likely to make a sensation in Paris. She is said to be a daughter of the present Emperor Alexander. It is further reported, that the circumstances attending the connection between the Countess de Morny's mother and her imperial lover, were of so extraordinary nature that the wronged lady, the victim of more even than seduction, resolved to throw herself at the feet of the Emperor Nicholas, and demand justice against the son at the hands of the father. The first part of her plan she carried into effect, and demanded an audience of the emperor; but when, in a voice of thunder, the sovereign demanded the name of the accused party, the lady was so terrified for the consequences of her revelation, that she shrunk from denouncing the son, and actually pronounced the name of an innocent individual! The wrathful and despotic monarch summoned the astonished party to his presence, and insisted upon and carried out an immediate union. The princess, so the story goes, remained a stranger both to her enforced husband and his family, and only reappeared to the world with her daughter, when the son mounted the throne of his ancestors. This romantic and not over creditable history, of which your readers are at liberty to believe as much or little as they please, has preceded the arrival of the lady in question at the French Court, and has added the zest of scandal to her alleged extraordinary beauty of person. I must by no means forget to say, with respect to the latter point, that the Empress Eugenie is described as in despair, lest the charms of the coming syren should eclipse her now matured attractions, and steal from her the affections of her somewhat volatile lord and master; while the mere report of them at a distance inflicts daggers into the bosom of a certain other lady of mature years, inhabiting a well known hotel in the Champs Elysees, and long supposed to be in inalienable possession of the affections of the fickle and perfidious Ambassador Extraordinary to St. Petersburgh!

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—Some years since, a young lady, remarkable for her maturity and good sense, daughter of a distinguished lawyer and a member of Congress from Worcester county, was placed at a young lady's boarding-school in the neighborhood of Boston. Her unaffected manner and sprightliness won the affections of many of the young ladies, who were full of their kind offices, until one day they inquired the occupation of her father. Our young friend perceiving the drift of their inquiries, gave them to understand that her father was a shoemaker, when many of them were struck with horror at her vulgar origin, and a change took place in their conduct towards her. She, however, though fully understanding them, remained quiet.

After a while, the father of the young lady visited the school. As he was a good looking man, and as they observed the principal and others treating him with such great deference and respect, the scholars were led to inquire of their instructress who he was and what was his business, and on being told that he was the father of Miss H———, and that he was a member of Congress, they were filled with amazement, and immediately made an attempt to renew their attentions as formerly; but it was too late. She looked upon their conduct with such contempt, that they were obliged to keep at a respectable distance, while those who treated her kindly, without regard to her father's supposed occupation, were ever afterwards her favorites.—*Boston Journal.*

THE EMPEROR IN THE CRADLE.—Those affectionate mothers who wish to compare their dear little "Possible Presidents" with the baby Emperor of France, may be interested to know that Nature has not endowed the future monarch with the "fatal gift of beauty." He has a large and ugly mouth, high cheek-bones and a very dull complexion. Of course he does not yet "speak French"—but he "takes notice," to a degree uncommon in a nine months' baby, is full of vigor, and has a *sovereign* will of his own. The story goes that he made Papa Louis Napoleon run, the other day, to the great astonishment of the lookers-o' at a distance. The Emperor was taking his little boy out for a promenade by the water-side—the baby in a small nursery vehicle, drawn by goats. His majesty amused himself with giving the little fellow a whip, to play with, and it was presently laid on to the goats with such vigor that they started to run away; and, but for the exceeding activity with which papa outran the goats, (odd enough to see an emperor go at it!) they would certainly have thrown their precious load into the water. He and the Empress are wonderfully happy in this child and his precocious developments of character; and Eugenie is very much admired by all the mothers of France for her depth and warmth of maternal sentiment.

SPIRIT OF TURPENTINE IN PAINTS.—It has been stated that the spirits of turpentine employed as a vehicle in lead paints was the cause of "painter's cholic," and that if it were not used for this purpose painters would be greatly benefited in health. In regard to these views, John H. Dennis, of Haverhill, Mass., writes us that with the experience of thirty years as a painter, he knows that the greatest enemy to the health of painters is not spirits of turpentine, but *spirits of alcohol!* The use of them, and the want of cleanliness among painters, have caused all the evils complained of as belonging to their occupation. He says, "let painters eat good substantial food, (their meat somewhat fat,) drink no beer or alcoholic drinks, wash their hands often, especially after mixing paints, and always before eating anything, and use no tobacco, they will enjoy good health, if free from hereditary disease." He speaks according to his own experience, and he has brought up two sons to manhood as painters, who will confirm his views.—*Scientific American.*

EXTRAORDINARY MANIA.—A physician of Rochester, New York, makes the following statement to the Daily Union of that city. In April, 1853, he was called upon to extract a needle from the arm of a young lady at Butternuts, Otsego county, who, as he afterwards ascertained, was in the habit of sticking pins, needles, hair pins, &c., into her flesh. He attended her until January, 1854, during which period he extracted from different parts of her body, arms and legs, 297 sewing needles, 67 pins, 2 darning needles, 5 hair pins, knitting needles and wire 5 of each; total, 383. She professed to be unconscious of having inserted these needles, &c., into her flesh.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE HOOPS.—We owe the invention of balloons to the much abused system of ladies' hoops. It is well known that they are not original with the present generation, and during their prevalence in the last century, as one of the laundresses of Paris was hanging one of them to dry, gathered and fastened at the waist, she accidentally placed a pot of burning charcoal beneath, and in a few minutes was surprised to see it rise in the air and gently sail off. One of the brothers Montgolfier, then an apprentice boy, was a witness of the phenomenon, and from it conceived the idea of a balloon, which was at first filled with heated air.

SINGULAR.—A gentleman who is the owner of an extensive aviary, has left with us a rather singular formation. It is a canary's egg turned to stone. He says that some months since, one of his finest singers, after sitting the usual length of time left her nest, and refused to return to it. The gentleman took the only egg he found in it, and carefully wrapped it up in cotton. Some days since, he accidentally came across the egg, and was astonished to find it had turned to stone, or at least to a substance of the same hardness. It is in no way diminished in size, but apparently increased in weight, and is altogether quite a curiosity.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

WASHINGTON'S ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—A paragraph in the Boston Post lately, stating that "Gen. Washington had a set of artificial teeth, for which he paid five hundred dollars," brings out an old correspondent with a bit of private history which is worth making public:—Do you know, gentlemen, that that same set of teeth changed not only the countenance but the character of Washington as the latter is generally understood? Everybody has noticed the marked difference between the "Stuart" and the "Trumbull" portraits. The latter is by far the most spirited and martial looking face, yet for some reason or other it has never been the popular favorite. The peculiarity of the Stuart picture is the wide, unexpressive, grandmotherly mouth, which one sees to this day in all the engravings. But this face was not Washington's but was an exaggeration, or distortion rather, produced by his artificial teeth, which entirely changed the expression of his countenance, giving it a certain look of maternal benignity that is not found in the Trumbull likenesses; painted before the dentist had earned his "five hundred dollars" by a job which though very well in those days, would now be reckoned a bungling piece of workmanship. These facts, though I have not seen them in any biography of Washington, are as well authenticated as his patriotism or consummate generalship. Trumbull and Stuart were accustomed to talk of the matter together, and, in the correspondence of the latter there is an allusion to the artificial teeth and the striking change they made in the appearance of the wearer. It may be owing to the fact that the American people like to contemplate the gentler qualities of Washington rather than his stern and heroic virtues, that they have always considered the dentist's portrait as the true one, though, in truth, it is as false as the teeth which distort it. The fault was not Stuart's, who painted his illustrious sitter as he found him; but he had the misfortune to attempt the hero's likeness "in spite of his teeth" and the result was such as might be expected.

THE Senate of Pennsylvania recently passed, by a large majority a bill legitimating all children born out of lawful wedlock, by the subsequent marriage of the parents. The Legislature has been in the habit, in special cases, of legitimating children, after the marriage of the parents, and upon their request and application.

HARD—

"May never lady press his lips,
His proffered love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth,
And keeps its chimney burning!
May each true woman shun his sight,
For fear his fumes might choke her;
And none but those who smoke themselves
Have kisses for a smoker!"

"Smokers" will make a note on't, and, eschewing the horrid weed, betake themselves to the beautiful Clothing, so charmingly displayed at the metropolitan establishment of Granville Stokes, No. 39 Chestnut St., Philada.

MR. MASON—It gives me pleasure to be able to recommend your valuable Alpine Hair Balm to the public. I have used it for the last two months, and will defy any one to find a gray hair in my head, when previously to using it, they would have had equal difficulty in finding a black one.
I find it to be all that it is recommended to be.
HENRY WILLIAMS, Boston, Mass.
For sale by R. & G. A. WRIGHT, Boston, Mass., wholesale, and at retail by all Druggists.

HOW TO WIN A WIFE.—Of late the newspapers have been full of advertisements offering to sell the valuable secret for one dollar. The answer invariably returned to applicants is—"Buy your clothing at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia." Rogues will sometimes tell the truth.

SICK HEADACHE AND DEBILITY.—Among the numerous advertised medicines for these complaints, none can be found so efficacious as the Oxygenated Bitters. They produce the most agreeable and invigorating effects.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 59 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. mar4-tf

KOOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chesnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Feb. by the Rev. S. G. Wagner, at his residence, in Whitpain Township, Mr. ABRAHAM DELL, to Mrs. ELIZABETH JONES, of Plymouth Township, Montg. co., Pa.
On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Dexter Cheeseman, Mr. JOSEPH POWLES of Hamilton county Village, Ohio, to Miss MARGARET MCCLELLAND, of Philadelphia.
On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph F. Berg, D. D., Mr. JAMES WISE, to Miss EMILY S. NUTT, both of this city.
On the 25th of Dec. by the Rev. John Duncan, of Camden, HENRY WALKER, of Frankford, to MARY J. ELLIS, of Camden, N. J.
On the 22nd ultimo, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. WILLIAM D. CLARK, to Miss MARY CLINTON, both of Philadelphia.
On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. F. J. Wiley, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM MCELHENNY, of Brooklyn, N. Y. to ELEANOR H. COOK, of this city.
On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Charles Cook, D. D., Mr. CHRISTIANA A. DE HAITOE, of Springfield, Ill. to Miss MARIE DUPUESNEY, of this city.
On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, JOHN S. FITCHETT, Esq. of Milton, Del. to MARIE LOUISE, daughter of the late Col. Thos. W. Duffield, of Frankford, Philadelphia.
On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. AARON HENDRICKS, to Miss MARGARET A. SMITH.
On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL MOULTON, to Miss ANN ELIZA CARR, both of this city.
In New York, on the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. E. H. Chapin, Mr. WILLIAM H. GRIFFITH, of Chicago, to Miss ELIZABETH F. ROSS, daughter of George Ross, Esq. of Philadelphia.
In Manayunk, on the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Fulton, Mr. GARRETT T. FRITZ, of Upper Merion, Montgomery county, Pa. to Miss ELIZABETH MILLER, of Manayunk.
On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. T. L. Janeway, at Shady Side, Bucks county, HENRY GRAMBO, to MARY C. YEAGER.
On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. M. Knox, WILLIAM GRASSE, to SARAH, daughter of the late Jacob Wharton, both of Philadelphia.
On the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Hodgson, Mr. LEWIS LEEDS, of Absecom, N. J. to Miss PHEBE BAKER, of Hasbrouville, N. J.
On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. BENJAMIN CROZIER, to Miss MARY THOMAS, both of the city.
On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Sterrett, Mr. ROBERT WRAY, to Miss DOROTHEA MCANINCH.
On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. W. Dale, POWELL F. CLAYTON, of Philadelphia, to JENNIE F. daughter of Jonathan Dutton, of Chester Creek, Del. county, Pa.
On the 7th of Dec. last, by the Rev. J. R. Anderson, Mr. WILLIAM HALLOWELL, to Miss ELIZABETH SHAY, both of this city.
On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. John A. Roche, GEORGE JAQUES, to EMMA M DEWEES, both of Norristown, Pa.
On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. R. W. Greenleaf, Mr. JAMES S. BALDWIN, to Miss MARY CREAMER, both of Roxborough, Philadelphia, Pa.
On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Steel, of Abington, Mr. CHARLES S. WOODWARD, of Moreland, Montgomery county, Pa. to Miss FANNIE S. PHELPS, of Cecil county, Maryland.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, JOHN KERR, aged 45 years.
On the 25th ultimo, NICHOLAS RENNER, aged 26 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM R. SALLADA, aged 24.
On the 23d ultimo, WILLIAM D. SHEBLE, aged 4 years and 7 months.
On the 25th ultimo, PASSMORE PEIN, aged 30 years.
On the 26th ultimo, WILLIAM PATRICK, son of Patrick and Mary McCormick, aged 10 years.
On the 29th ultimo, CATHARINE, wife of Michael McCosker, aged 24 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. HESTER WALLACE, aged 72.
On the 24th ultimo, CLARA LAVINIA, daughter of Margaret N. and the late Abraham Ettinger, aged 3 years.
On the 25th ultimo, Mr. THOMAS BOWERS, aged 28 years.
On the 24th ultimo, ELIZABETH A. MARTIN, aged 4 years and 2 months.
On the 25th ultimo, MARY, wife of James Beatty, aged 27 years.
On the 24th ultimo, MARGARET MCNAMEE, aged 2 years and 6 months.
On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. SARAH, wife of Barry Rowland, aged 70 years.
On the 23d ultimo, FANNY S. wife of Edward Glenn.
On the 21st ultimo, Mr. JOHN H. POTTER, aged 35 years.
On the 21st ultimo, WILLIS, son of Jacob P. and Eliza Fowler, aged 10 years.
On the 23d ultimo, ELIZABETH, daughter of Jas. and Margaret Campbell, aged 18 years.
On the 2d ultimo, EDWARD A. CAMPBELL, aged 9 years.
On the 22d ultimo, ELIZABETH M. wife of Robert Rhoe maker.
On the 23d ultimo, JOSEPH KERN, son of Charles W. and Hannah A. Vandegrift, aged 2 years and 3 months.
On the 23d ultimo, MARIEK CLYDE, son of Wm. E. and Margaret E. Smith, aged 5 years and 10 months.
On the 23d ultimo, JOSEPH DANIEL, son of Margaret and the late Thos. G. Dilks, aged 7 years.
On the 2d ultimo, PETER M. son of Peter M. and Hannah Moriarty, aged 5 years.
On the 21st ultimo, JOHN LOGAN, Jr. aged 25 years.
On the 21st ultimo, CLARA BARBARA, daughter of Isaiah and Sarah Smith, aged 4 years.
On the 23d ultimo, OSCAR POLLARD, aged 24 years.
On the 21st ultimo, WILLIAM H. son of Geo. and Louisa Hosting, aged 9 years.
On the 21st ultimo, CATHARINE, wife of Lewis Sassbannhaus, aged 25 years.
On the 21st ultimo, JOSEPH GIBBONS, aged 56 years.
On the 21st ultimo, MATILDA MAUDEN, aged 45 years and 6 months.
On the 21st ultimo, CATHARINE MCCREADY, aged 18.
On the 21st ultimo, HELWIG C. daughter of Elizabeth C. and the late Capt. John Wood, aged 16 years.
On the 21st ultimo, Mrs AMANDA REIMOLD, aged 25.
On the 21st ultimo, ADELE M. MCKEIR, wife of M. H. Treadwell.
On the 21st ultimo, CATHARINE MARY, daughter of John and Fanny P. Kane, aged 3 years and 8 months.
On the 23d ultimo, Mr. THOMAS KEIGLER, aged 66 years.
On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. MARY A. NELSON, aged 48 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. REBECCA ARCHER, aged 49.
On the 9th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET KRELL, aged 73 years.
On the 22d ultimo, GEORGE W. MORRIS, aged 60 years.
On the 26th ultimo, Mr. LUKE TOWNSEND, aged 67 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE BRADY, aged 70.

MARY DAVIS, of Buffalo, aged eighteen, is under arrest, at Ballston, N. Y., for the seduction of Henry Clark, of Albany, a too susceptible youth of sixteen. The young lady induced the boy to elope with her, and they passed as brother and sister. She treated him with the most loving kindness, and footed all the bills at the hotel where they were stopping. The poor young gentleman is quite disconsolate at the arrest of his sweetheart, tears his hair, and swears he will drown himself in the cistern if she is punished.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 16 and 18 Ann Street, New York.
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THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY B. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 309 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 per ct		
" "	'58 110	—
" "	'67 110⅛	—
" "	'68 106	—
" 5 "	'85 100⅛	—
Phila 6 per ct	99½	99¾
" " new	98½	98¾
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 per ct	90	96
Penna 6 per ct	94	95
" " coupon	94½	95
Allegheny 6 per ct	82½	84
" " coupon	84½	85
Alle co P RR 6's	71	73
Penn		
" 5 "	88	88½
" " coupon	88	88½
Penn 6 per ct	90	90½
" " coupon	76½	77
Kentucky 6 per ct	100½	100¾
Penn RR 6 per ct	97½	98
20 m'ts loan '58	99	99
C & Am RR 6 per ct	77½	80
P G & N RR "	90	94
Reading RR "	81	81½
" " 10 m'ts "	84	86
H & Lan RR "	63	63
P & N RR "	76	78
Cha Val RR "	30	40
Tioga RR "	80	85
Phil Wil & Bal		
'80 RR 6 per ct	85	90½
Leh I RR "	60	60
Sch Nav '82 "	68½	69
Lehigh Nav "	91½	92
Mort "	92	94
C & D Cl "	70	75
Sus & Tid '78 "	80½	90½
Union Canal	65	69½
Will'm & Elmira		
1st mort 7 3/10 ct	71½	72
2d mort 6 "	64	64½
Catawissa "	54½	55
North Penna 6 pr ct.	61	63½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	128	129
Penna	48½	48¾
Bea Meadow	56½	57
North Penna	14	14½

	Bid.	Asked.
Phil Ger & Nor	45½	46
Reading	40½	40¾
" preferred	44½	50
Minehill	64	64½
Har & Lan	57	57½
Chester Valley	51	6
Tioga	12	—
" preferred	28	—
P W & Balt	24½	25
Long Island	15½	15¾
Will'sport & Elmira	19	19½
Catawissa	11½	12
CANAL STOCKS		
Sbuy Nav	16½	17
" preferred	26½	26¾
Lehigh Nav	72½	73
Morris	16	16½
" preferred	54	55
C & Del	—	75
Union	12½	13
Sus & Tidewater	8½	9
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	185	185½
Penna	113	113½
Philada	122	123
Far & Mec	66½	66¾
Commercial	85	88½
N Liberty	68	69
Mechanics	98	99½
Southwark	80	83
P Township	39½	40
Kensington	68	70
Girard	11½	11¾
Western	—	69
Man & Mech	30	31½
Commerce	70	72
Tradesman's	37	—
City	52	54
Consolidation	29½	30
Pittsburg	80	—
M & M Pitts	81	—
Ex'ge Pitts	80	—
Kentucky	110½	—
Northern, Ky	102	—
Louisville, Ky	109	110
Farmers, Ky	111	112
Union, Nash Tenn	99½	—
Plant's, Tenn	99	—
Com & R Vick	61	7
N O Gas L'g	120	130

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II.—Nature and Design of Marriage.
III.—How the ends of Marriage are to be secured, or Rational Courtship.
IV.—The Philosophy of being in Love.
V.—At what Age should we Marry?
VI.—On Equality in Marriage.
VII.—Are Second Marriages Desirable?
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This

Wit and Humor.

HIBERNIAN LOGIC.—Mick Casey used to "tend" in "Carow's grocery" on the corner. Smith went in the other day after some "fixins," and among the rest, called for a gallon of molasses. There was about a pint in the measure, when Mick commenced drawing, and after filling it he poured into Smith's vessel until about a pint was left, as before, in the measure, and then set it down under the cask.

"Hallo!" says Smith, "what are you about? Why don't you put in a gallon, as I ordered?"

"A gallon is it, sur? An' sure an' there's that much in the jug," replied Mick.

Of course Smith would never believe this, as there was a pint left in the measure; and he "made no bones" of accusing Mick of attempting to cheat him.

"Sur," asked Mick, "wasn't there a pint in the measure?"

"Yes."

"Well, thin, there's the same now!"

"Yes."

"Well, thin, shure an' ye have all that belongs to yez, for didn't I draw the measure full and put it in the jug?"

"No: there's a *pint left!*"

"The divil, sur! an' wasn't that pint *there before!* Get yerself out of the store, ye speci min of maneness, to be after chatin' a lad out of a pint of molasses!"

Smith "left," being utterly unable to convince Mick of the "error of his ways!"

"SHAN'T BITE ME!"—There was a fellow in a certain neighborhood in Arkansas, who was strongly suspected of sheep-stealing. There was a good many cases of the mysterious disappearance of choice muttons from the flocks of the planters, which were traced to his door; but being a very wily and ingenious chap, he generally succeeded in proving an alibi, or some other defence, which reduced the charge to a mere suspicion. At last, however, a planter riding through the woods perceived the suspected sheep-thief steal from the woods, and after looking around to see that no one was near, walk up to a flock of sheep and deliberately knock over the largest and fattest. At this moment the planter rode up, and confronting the thief, exclaimed:

"Now, sir, I have got you! You can't get off, you are caught in the act."

"What act!" indignantly inquired the thief.

"Sheep-stealing," was the confident reply.

"Sir, you had better mind how you charge a respectable American citizen with such a crime as sheep stealing," replied the gentleman with the penchant for mutton.

"Now, will you deny that I saw you kill that sheep?" asked the planter.

"No, sir," was the prompt answer; "I did kill him, and I'd do it again. I'll kill anybody's sheep that bites me as I am going peaceably along the road!"

LITTLE JAMES'S EXAMINATION.—"James, come up here. How is New Jersey bounded?"

"Bound all over by the Camden and Amboy Railroad, sir."

"What are its natural products?"

"Sham banks, sand banks, fish nets, and three-cent lightning."

"What is a railroad director?"

"A practical undertaker."

"What is his business?"

"To put forever at an end the business of passengers."

"How many directors are necessary to the proper conduction of the affairs of a railroad?"

"Well, there is generally one to every mile—but it requires more than one to a collision."

"What is meant by the term 'switching off?'"

"Why, taking a short cut to a sudden demise."

"Good boy. You'll be President some day."

HOOK AND LADY MORGAN.—Hook was not always very refined in his wit, as the following anecdote shows. Taking up a MS volume of romance, he said surlily, "What garbage have we here?" "That," replied the lady, "is a collection of tales on which I have employed the whole eighty horse power of my genius, and which only wants some appropriate motto on the title-page to make it complete." "Is that all?" answered the Tartaric Theodore: "what do you say to these lines from Macbeth then?

——'Tales
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.'"

Her ladyship looked carving-knives, but fortunately used none.

HELPING HOBBS.—A boasting lock-maker had put new locks lately on most of the stores in a small village in Massachusetts, and the inhabitants were crowing over their security, when some of the "boys" thought they would make them so additionally secure that even the owners could not get in. So, on one of our coldest nights, they squirted water from a syringe into all the locks, and in the morning the merchants were all shut out of their shops. The efforts at entering were highly ludicrous. One went to puffing cigar smoke into his lock; another ran for a tea-kettle of boiling water; another took his axe and broke his lock; on the whole, the "boys" thought even Hobbs had been outdone.

THE SOUND OF SUNSET.—On the arrival of an emigrant ship, some years ago, when the North Carolina lay off the Battery, an Irishman, hearing the gun fired at sunset, inquired of one of the sailors what that was?

"What's that? Why, that's sunset!" was the contemptuous reply.

"Sunset!" exclaimed Paddy, with distended eyes; "sunset! Holy Moses! and does the sun go down in this country with such a clap as that?"

THE EXTREME OF POLITENESS.—Our lamented old friend, Mrs. Parroquet, though she was very rich, always did her own marketing, and carried home her own dinner. One day, on her return from Quincy Market, she slipped and dropped a fine leg of mutton, which had been disguised by her shawl. Our other friend, Maj. B——, who was passing, picked it up, and handed it to her, with a low bow, and the remark:

"Madam, you have dropped your fan."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—Sydney Smith says he heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike. "What is to pay?" "Pay, sir, for what?" asked the turnpikeman. "Why, for my horse, to be sure." "Your horse, sir, what horse? There is no horse, sir." "No horse?" said he, suddenly looking down between his legs. "God bless me! I thought I was on horseback!"

A VERMONT JUDGE.—In Vermont they elect ornamental judges, who are used as a sort of ballast for the bench. An old fellow, a few years ago, was elected side judge in one of the county courts of that State; and as he was not well versed in legal lore, he called on a friend of his, who had served in that capacity for a number of years, to make some inquiries concerning the duties of the office. To his interrogatories the reply was: "Sir, I have filled the important and honorable office for several years, but have never been consulted with regard to but one question. On the last day of the spring term, 184–, the judge, after listening to three or four windy pleas, of an hour's length each, turned to me and whispered: '*Oh, isn't this bench made of hard wood!*' *and I told him I thought it was?*"

A QUESTION IN MORAL PHILOSOPHY.—Not many days since, the following conversation took place in the ladies' first hall of Asylumia. Miss Dix had passed through a moment before, and a younger daughter of our household, just started in her teens, made one of a cluster called together by the occasion.

Girl.—"Who was the lady whom we saw with the doctor?"

Lady.—"That was Miss Dix, the philanthropist."

Girl.—"What is a philanthropist, please?"

Lady.—"Philanthropist, my dear, is a word from two Greek words, signifying a lover of men."

Girl.—"Well, then, are not all we women philanthropists?"—*Opal, Utica, N. Y.*

A SMART RETORT.—While two little girls, one the daughter of a poor clergyman, and the other the child of one of his rich parishioners, were playing together, they fell into an angry dispute, as children often will, in imitation of their seniors. To mortify her antagonist, the parishioner's spiteful daughter remarked—

"If it hadn't been for *my* father, your father would have been in the poor-house long ago."

"Well, I don't care," replied the other, "if it hadn't been for *my* father, yours would have been in *hell*, long ago!"

SARCASTIC.—Counsellor Lamb, an old man when Lord Erskine was at the height of his reputation, was a man of very timid manners and nervous temperament, and usually prefaced his plea with an apology to that effect. On one occasion, when opposed to Erskine, he happened to remark that he felt himself more and more timid as he grew older.

"No wonder," replied the witty but relentless barrister, "every one knows that the older a lamb grows, the more *sheepish* he becomes."

OBSTRUCTIONS IN WATER PIPES.

To Remove Obstructions in Water Pipes. Lead pipes, conveying water from springs, especially if small, often become obstructed. We give several methods which we have successfully employed to clear them, without the necessity of resorting to an air-pump.

As water is nearly incompressible, if a tube is full, pressure upon the water at the end will be felt through its whole extent. By applying the fingers forcibly to the end when it is full, the power will be communicated through the whole length, and slight obstructions may thus often be started from their places.

When this fails, if the end of the tube can be reached, we apply the mouth and blow as hard as we can. If the tube is full of water, and there is a perfect stoppage in any place, we cannot blow in at all; the water will not move; but if it is only some loose substance, its position being changed, it will often flow out.

Our next resort is to a piston made of hickory, with tow or cloth securely fastened on the end, just large enough to fill the tube. Very great power may be exerted with this, by moving it briskly back and forth, in the end of the tube. We should prefer the lower end or outlet of the tube for these operations, as a slight backward pressure will more readily start an obstruction from its place.

Another way still.—Take a tube several feet in length, and fit it on tight in an upright position, to the end of the aqueduct pipe. By the aid of a tunnel pour water into this tube, and as the pressure of the water is in proportion to its height, and not quantity, a few quarts will exert great force. Obstacles that would only be removed a few inches by any of the other methods, may be washed out entirely by pouring water in this way from the upper end. If the two tubes are of the same size, the end of one may be hammered or shaved off so as to enter the other at a short distance. The joint may be made sufficiently tight with a little tallow or grafting wax and tow.

FROST.—*In sink-spouts and other tubes*, which are nearly perpendicular, ice may be thawed, when you cannot easily reach it with hot water, by putting in a little fine salt. In a few days it will work its way through several feet of ice, settling in the water as the ice melts. We have thus thawed the ice in an aqueduct, in very extreme weather, by putting salt into the ventilating or air pipe.

Another method.—When the tube is large, the following is the most rapid plan. Take a tube small enough to go inside of the one to be thawed, and hold it upright with the lower end on the top of the ice. Pour hot water into the smaller tube, and as it runs out of the lower end, it will rapidly thaw away the ice before it.—*The Homestead.*

FIFTY YEARS HENCE.—Fifty years hence the newly married pair will step into an emporium for the sale of houses, look over the book of patterns, select one to suit their taste and means, order it, and it will be sent home in the morning, put together and occupied at night.

In travelling, as great changes will take place. Instead of the dusty road and crowded car, there will be a splendid locomotive hotel, flying over a road carpeted with turf and bordered with shade trees, heralding its approach with sweet music, instead of the demoniac shriek of the steam whistle, and labelled, "Through from Boston to San Francisco in four days."

Instead of the unsightly telegraph poles, there will be, fifty years hence, a net work underground, and under the bosom of the deep, and it will click off thoughts instead of words. Then the electric battery will light all the street lamps at once, enable all the clocks in the city to keep exact time, and kindle all the beacons on the dangerous rocks, where men now hazard their lives and wear out their lonely days.

Then the author will not write by our slow process, losing his rarest fancies, but he will sit down to the newest invented Chirographical instruments, and putting his fingers on the keys write as fast as he can think.—*Bishop Clarke.*

Mr. Gringo's Equestrian Experience.—No. 1.

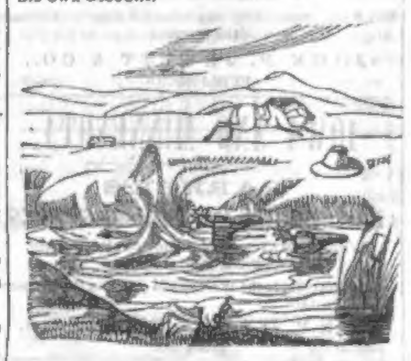
The first duty of an equestrian is to consult the comfort of his animal. Believing a tight girth injurious to the breathing apparatus, Mr. Gringo adjusts his saddle in accordance with that conviction. The result does not reward the benevolent rider.

Mr. Gringo's Equestrian Experience.—No. 2.

Having adjusted his saddle, and tightened it not a little, Mr. Gringo's steed foolishly becomes alarmed at the fluttering of some linen, and gives him an opportunity of practising a feat on the slack rope.

Mr. Gringo's Equestrian Experience.—No. 3.

Discouraged by his experience in the vicinity of civilization, Mr. Gringo takes to the fields, and excited by his success in managing his horse in the open country, essays a leap over a small creek. The animal having stopped to consider, his rider pursues the undertaking on his own account.



Mr. Gringo's Equestrian Experience.—No. 4.

Portrait of Mr. Gringo immediately after the leap in question. Taken on the spot by our artist.

THE GENOESE COOKS.—In passing through the streets at Genoa, it is amusing to look at the culinary occupations going on in each, with the exception of the three principal ones. Nor is there aught disgusting in the process, or in the odors exhaled; for the oil used in the *friture* is of the pure olive, and the cooks are not only scrupulously clean in their dress, but the utensils they employ look equally so. Here the *polenta*, *polpetta*, and *ravioli*, the three favorite dishes of Genoa, are prepared; and great is the demand for them, and the avidity with which they are devoured. But not only are the national dishes thus cooked in the streets, but shops are in each, and ranged on the quays, in which the edibles of a more costly nature are to be procured; and where cutlets and capons, smoking hot, tempt by their savory odors the appetites of the passers by. In the back of these shops are stoves, round which are placed all the necessary apparatus for cooking; and the proprietor, with one or two assistants, white-capped and aproned, with knife in belt, stand ready to boil, stew, fry, or broil, according to the wish of their visitors. A portion of the shop is devoted to undressed dainties, which are seen peeping forth from green leaves and snowy napkins, waiting to be selected by some pedestrian epicure, who may see his dinner cooked, and eat it on the spot, in a very short space of time. Men and women roll barrows through the streets, tilled with trays, on which various kinds of comestibles are disposed, and thus serve the inmates of the different artisans' houses, who are saved the trouble of cooking, and the expense and heat of fires. The cleanliness of these people, as well as that of the articles on which the food is placed, precludes the disgust one might experience at beholding such a constant succession of eatables passing and repassing: and it is amusing to witness the eagerness with which their approach is hailed.

OLD SUPERSTITIONS.—An antique Black Letter book, printed in the sixteenth century contains the following valuable receipts:

Of an Herb which will make one to be very forgetful.—Some do write that there is an herb called Lotos, that if any do eat the fruit thereof, they shall forget all sorrow; nay, it will make them forget their own country and birth.

How to drive away all Inchantments, or Witchcraft.—All beasts do naturally detest the female Pimpernel, but not the male, as sundry authors affirm. And it is creditably witnessed, that this Pimpernel, laid under the threshold of the door, driveth away all manner of Inchantments and Witchcraft.

To hang a Gourd, Cucumber, or great Apple up in your House, that you may have Wheat, Barley, Rye, or Pease to grow out thereof.—Take a Gourd, Cucumber, or great Apple, and with a skewer or Butcher's prick, make holes therein a little way, and in those holes put the slender ends of Wheat, Barley, or Rye, so that they may be buried: and take a packthred of brown thred, and tie it across the Gourd, and so hang it up in your house, and in a short time your seed of these several sorts will sprout and grow forth, and for the conceit seem very rare.

Agricultural.

PRUNING FRUIT TREES.

The season is now so far advanced that the pruning of all trees should be got out of hand as soon as fair weather will allow of the operation. The work should not be done in frosty weather not only because it is barbarous to set a man at such a time to labor which allows of scarcely any exercise, but also on account of wounds inflicted during severe cold often being unhealthy. But there are many soft, mild days during January and February, of which advantage must be taken, so that all pruning may be finished before the sap is in circulation. Different trees require various kinds of treatment, and practice alone can make perfect; we shall therefore only dwell on some general principles by which the gardener should be guided in cutting away any portion of a tree.

Pruning, when performed scientifically, has for its object the increased production of flowers and fruit, and, in the case of forest trees, the improvement of timber. In our gardens, however, there is often a mere mechanical end to be considered, namely, the excision of wild and straying shoots, and keeping the branches of a tree within reasonable bounds.

Walnut trees, in gardens, will often require lopping, if it is expected that anything is to grow near them; and apples and pears, &c., will demand the use of the knife and the saw for the same reason. When trees are trained in the espalier fashion, or against walls, the necessity of curbing a luxuriant growth is still more pressing.

Last year some of our peaches and apricots were left to themselves, and had no disbudding or summer pruning, and the consequence is that we now see how small a portion of the annual growth a wall will contain.

It is the consideration of this circumstance, conjoined with the diseases which are often caused by so much cutting and hewing, which has led to a more scientific treatment of such trees. By watching a peach tree, for instance, and estimating how much new wood can possibly be nailed in the next autumn, a careful gardener will be able to prevent the growth of more than is wanted, by the operation of disbudding, or the removal of the buds as they appear, except those which are required for future service. The effect of this process is, not only to lessen the use of the knife, but also to throw all the forces of the tree into the branches which are allowed to remain.

Every tree has a certain power treasured up in itself at the close of the growing season; and if nature is not interfered with, this force will develope itself in the formation of a certain number of branches. If, therefore, art comes in, and prevents half these branches from being developed, the organizable matter is given to the remaining half, which thus acquires a more robust growth.

This is sometimes an advantage, but not always; and a knowledge of the habits of trees, their modes of fruiting, and other conditions, must be observed before the pruner can wisely decide upon the amount of disbudding which will be best. We advise our readers to study this subject, which is too much neglected in ordinary gardens. In the early part of the summer, when disbudding is most wanted, we are generally fully occupied, and tasks which have only a prospective advantage are apt to be postponed too long.

But if everything which bears fruit, from a gooseberry bush to a nectarine, is prevented from making or perfecting superfluous shoots, by disbudding or summer pruning, the tree will be benefited, and much after labor avoided.

But pruning aims at increased fruitfulness, and it is in this point of view that it demands some science for its successful performance — We must first ascertain how, and on what kind of wood, the fruit is produced, and then direct our efforts to increase such bearing shoots.

For instance, the vine bears always of the shoots of the previous year, and therefore as much as possible of well-ripened new wood must be left in pruning.

The filbert bears in the same way, and it is by working with this fact in view that this nut is made so profitable by market gardeners. In a wild state, and more often than not in good gardens, the filbert grows as it likes, and an immense number of long stems is the result, with a few nuts on the extremities. But when practically trained, the tree is stopped in its leading shoots, and the production of a profusion of branches below is the result, all of which may become fruit-bearing.

The peach and similar trees bear on last year's wood; and therefore in pruning, as many of such shoots as possible must be laid in, while to make room for them, some portion of the old branches are cut out.

The fig bears on wood of the same season, and so does the walnut; while apples and pears are produced on wood of several years' growth.

A knowledge of these various habits is, therefore, of the first importance in pruning.

As the accumulation of sap or organizable matter is going on all the winter more or less, according to the weather, it is considered best to prune early, that the amount of such sap instead of being distributed over all the wood which is to be cut away, may be given to that which is to remain.

Such is the general theory, and perhaps it may have been confirmed by experiments; but we are inclined to suspect that too much stress is often laid upon it.

That the sap intended for one yard of peach branch will be accumulated in half of it, if it is shortened to that extent in good time cannot be doubted; but are we sure that this mode of glutting the wood which is left is best for the health of the tree, or the ultimate production of fruit?

We know that wall-trees are proverbially apt to perish, either wholly or in part, to an extent unknown in standards of the same kinds; and this may happen from the *plethora* or over-gorging of the branches which are left by the pruner. However, we merely throw out this as a hint in passing, in order to set our readers thinking on the subject; as it is by careful observation and experiment that any art or science is brought to perfection.

Some trees bleed much when pruned at certain seasons, and this is by all means to be avoided. This can be done by avoiding to prune them when the sap is in activity, and confining the operation to autumn or winter, so that the wound may heal over before nature puts forth her activity. Vines will thus bleed, if the pruning is left to the spring. Walnuts bleed profusely if not carefully pruned.

But when vines or walnuts are in leaf, this result does not follow to any injurious extent, and the former is generally freely in summer. The cause of this is that the leaves are then in operation, and make so great a demand upon the sap that there is none to spare.—*London Field.*

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

As spring will soon visit us, it is necessary to make arrangements for its coming. In the garden, plants will soon show signs of active life, the early blooming bulbous rooted flowers will in a short time exhibit their green leaves, and snow-drops and crocuses make the parterre gay with their young beauty. Shrubs and trees, should, as soon as the frost is out of the ground, be transplanted. The species that come first in leaf, such as the gooseberry and currant, in the kitchen garden the spiræa, mezereums, &c., in the shrubbery, and the willows, poplars and larches among ornamental trees, should first be attended to, and those that come forward more slowly, at as early a period as possible. Many trees are lost every year by hurried and careless planting, in consequence of so many things requiring to be done at once.

Have your hot-beds made immediately, whether for starting lettuce and cabbages, or early annual flowers; you can also start in them many little things and strike cuttings of many kinds of plants. Give air every fine day, and cover well with mats during frosty days and clear cold nights. If you have a thermometer in such frames, all the better; it is easier to judge by it than by the hand. Take care and not have *too* much heat and moisture in your frames, as that will be equally injurious as a very low temperature.

Have your manure placed in heaps, and distributed around the roots of roses and other shrubs, to be forked in as soon as the ground is in a proper condition.

Prepare a piece of ground in some warm sheltered position, for early peas, radishes, &c. The kinds that may be injured by frosts can be protected with mats or other covering.

Prune your trees, cutting out any dead or superfluous wood. Prune your vines and tie them to stakes or trellises. Cut all dead wood from roses that bloom on the last year's wood, such as the Queen of the Prairies; and cut down to a good strong bud, all such as bloom on the recent wood, as do all the hybrid perpetuals.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

CAMPHOR A REMEDY FOR MICE.—Any one desirous of keeping seeds from the depredations of mice, can do so by mixing pieces of camphor gum in with the seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them injury. The little animal objects to the odor, and keeps a good distance from it. He will seek food elsewhere.

FUMIGATING POWDER FOR FOUL STABLES AND COW SHEDS.—Take of powdered saltpetre one ounce, chamomile flowers and aniseed, one ounce each; mix. Put some hot cinders on a shovel, sprinkle gradually a portion of the above on the burning embers; it deodorizes the barn or shed, and purifies the atmosphere.

WATERPROOF BOOTS.—Apply, as much and as hot as the leather will bear, a mixture of two parts tallow and one part rosin. Then dissolve 1 oz. beeswax in 2 oz. spirits turpentine, to which add a teaspoonful of ivory-black. Warm the boots when you apply the first, top and bottom; the second should be applied cold, and rubbed with the hands on the uppers only. Cork soles are the best protection against cold or damp feet. They may be fixed between the outer or inner soles when the boots are made, or worn loose inside. Cork is so bad a conductor of heat, that with it in boots, the feet are warm on the coldest stone floor.

TOMATO DESSERT.—Take well ripened yellow tomatoes, peel them, slice thin, and put them and crushed sugar in alternate layers; let them stand a few hours and serve with rich cream. Most persons who are fond of raw tomatoes relish this dish very highly.—*Cor. New England Farmer.*

INVISIBLE CEMENT.—Dissolve isinglass in spirits of wine by boiling. It will unite broken glass so as to render the crack imperceptible.

HOW TO RAISE ONIONS.—Good onions may be raised with very little trouble, if they are watered two or three times with strong tobacco water, when four or five inches high, or at other times, if the maggots are devouring them. We have tried this remedy several times with great success.—*N. E. Farmer.*

TO REMOVE WINE OR FRUIT STAINS.—A wine stain may sometimes be removed by rubbing it, while wet, with common salt. It is said, also, that sherry wine, poured immediately on the place where port wine has been spilled, will prevent its leaving a stain. A certain way of extracting fruit or wine stains from table linen is to tie up some cream of tartar in the stained part (so as to form a sort of bag), and then to put the linen into a lather of soap and cold water, and boil it awhile. Then transfer it wet to a lukewarm suds, wash and rinse it well, and dry and iron it. The stains will disappear during the process. Another way is to mix, in equal quantities, soft soap, slacked lime, and pearl-ash. Rub the stain with this preparation, and expose the linen to the sun with the mixture plastered on it. If necessary, repeat the application. As soon as the stain has disappeared, wash out the linen immediately, as it will be injured if the mixture is left in it.

WORMS IN DOGS.—Every sportsman ought to have some knowledge of botany. In rambling the covers he will meet with the spurge laurel (Daphne laureola, called by some wood laurel); let him pocket some of the sprigs, hang them up to dry; grate as much as will lie upon a sixpence (for a small dog, fasting); administer, in lard, about the size of a walnut. The worms will receive notice to quit.—*London Field.*

TO COOK FROGS.—A correspondent asks us how to cook oysters and frogs. We refer him to the Cook Book for instructions regarding the bivalves. As for the frogs, the recipe is this: Catch them (don't get toads, by mistake,) and cut off the hind legs. These are the only parts eaten. Skin them, and broil. They are very nice—like chicken, but far more delicate.

AN AGREEABLE GIFT.—In Germany, it is the custom to exchange gifts on Christmas day. Last Christmas, the vicar of the little village of Anheim thus addressed his congregation: "My dear brethren, custom has it that we should every year, on the occasion of the anniversary of the birth of our Saviour, exchange presents of more or less value. I hope you will appreciate what I am about to offer you—namely, to excuse you from hearing a sermon to-day!"

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 16, 5, 11, 11, 16, is a river in Africa.
My 2, 8, 12, is a city in India.
My 3, 6, 9, 18, is a lake in the United States.
My 4, 21, 6, 8, 11, 3, is a town in Venezuela.
My 5, 6, 19, 14, is a town in Turkey.
My 1, 8, 14, 11, 6, 14, is an island west of the United States.
My 6, 5, 9, 14, 20, 16, is an island of Polynesia.
My 8, 13, 4, is a city of Wirtemburg.
My 9, 6, 9, 10, 2, is a sea in Europe.
My 10, 8, 4, 19, 21, 6, is a county in Georgia.
My 11, 12, 6, 11, is a sea in Asia.
My 12, 14, 16, 20, 2, 5, 11, 11, 16, 4, is a town in Connecticut.
My 13, 16, 6, 11, 3, 6, 11, 14, 13, 21, is a county in Alabama.
My 14, 6, 5, 6, 16, 20, is a mountain in Turkey.
My 15, 9, 1, 19, 6, 18, is a lake in Africa.
My 16, 13, 5, 1, 14, 4, 5, 2, 14, is a river in the United States.
My 17, 3, 2, is a town in India.
My 18, 5, 6, 13, 17, is a county in Georgia.
My 19, 18, 13, 21, 6, is a county in Virginia.
My 20, 8, 13, 14, is a city in Russia.
My 21, 13, 9, 5, 10, is a mountain in Russian America.
My whole is a person who distinguished himself during the Revolution. J. Z. L.
Waynesboro, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 1, 24, 16, 5, 13, 29, is one of Shakespeare's tragedies.
My 10, 3, 14, 21, 25, 34, is one of the British poets.
My 35, 29, 32, 33, 11, 33, 6, 12, is a river of the United States.
My 18, 20, 30, 15, 27, 21, 9, 23, is a county of Mississippi.
My 4, 17, 8, 20, 30, 33, is a town of Italy.
My 31, 19, 3, 22, 28, is a feeling of sorrow.
My 7, 33, 26, 15, is a kind of vehicle.
My whole was one of the most celebrated characters modern times. L. K. R.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 2, 19, 6, 6, 7, 8, 11, was the son of Aaron.
My 19, 5, 7, 16, 20, 8, 12, was a Jewish bishop.
My 10, 2, 13, 20, 18, 16, is a town in Indiana.
My 7, 5, 20, 11, 9, was worn by the High Priest.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is "the power of the mind which directs the actions of a man."
My 7, 2, 17, 6, 8, was one of the Prophets.
My 16, 5, 16, 6, 10, was a Jewish month.
My 16, 8, 2, 6, 18, 4, was a river of Egypt.
My 7, 6, 19, 20, 8, 15, 1, was one of the Apostles.
My whole is a distinguished American historian.
GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To do my *First*, oh! do not dream it,
Lest thy plighted word be broken;
Let tongue be still, and eye not gleam it,
Flashing out the words unspoken.
Its Alma Mater hails my *Second*
In notes *staccato*, high 'mond measure;
For though of little value reckoned,
It hides within a gold[illegible].
Behold! a circle of sad sages,
(Of God's image, mere im-*ages*
Unworthy e'en to be sav-*ages*,)
Serious, silent, await my *Third:*
Hoping, from souls long left their cages,
That lived in far-off, buried ages,
Words, ne'er writ on any pages,
May, by their long ears, be heard.
My *Fourth*, behold in heaven first born!
On high it first and last hath power;
It lives in night, but shuns the morn,
'Tis seen, not heard, in th' noonday hour.
Along the highways of great nations,
From *pole* to *pole* with numerous stations,
See my *Whole* its length extend;
With throws of iron, tongue of brass,
With limbs [illegible] o'er the pass,
Not weight nor [illegible] can make it bend.
Kanawha C. H., Va. D. L. R.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A modern bard of universal fame;
A classic river's oft-repeated name;
A naval hero dear to every heart;
A ruthless tyrant with a murd'rous dart
An English author famous for his style;
A poet who our leisure may beguile;
The initials join, an ancient bard you'll find,
Who to his verse has left his name behind.
Dorsett, Ill. LEYDEN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Time with leaden wings,
Flew onward in those days,
Before my first o'er the then dark world,
Threw its effulgent rays;

Happiness, 'tis but a word,
Yet more often is it found
Beneath my second's humble roof,
Than 'neath the turret crowned;

A general in the ranks of those
Our enemies, was my whole,
He lived and fought our fathers,
In the times that tried men's souls.

Wheeling. XELA.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

COUNTIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. Her Son Ned.
2. Cry Sea.
3. O Nig tis Ham.
4. Hen Sal.
5. We start.
6. Sew Not.
7. Ned hit Cent.
8. Sam Hot.
9. Ton Ash Wing.
10. Not Fit.
11. No Gal.
12. Won Ten.
13. And Rolph.
14. Woe Later.

St. Louis. FRENCH BROWN, Jr.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The less of two numbers is to the square root of the greater as the ninth root of the eight power of the less to the fifth root of the square of the greater; and the cub root of the less diminished by the fifth root of the greater is equal to 4. The numbers are required.

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter F like Adam? Ans.—Because it made all fall.

☞ The name of what public institution would express the condition of a man about to be married to lady named Mary. Ans.—In-ter-mary.

☞ A LITERARY COB.—Why are book-keepers like chickens? Ans.—Because they have to "scratch" for living.

☞ TO GARDENERS.—What sort of trees will bear removal and transportation? Ans.—Axis trees.

☞ Why is a schoolmaster like a pair of eyebrows Ans.—Because he is placed over pupils.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—Nineteen persons in Massachusetts executed for witchcraft. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Winfield Scott the hero of an hundred battles. SHAKSPERIAN ENIGMA.—Truth needs no disguise, nor wants embellishment. CHARADE.—Nightingale. CHARADE.—Rose Tree. RIDDLE.—Bar. ANAGRAMS.—1. Para 2. Beni. 3. Mamore. 4. Colorado 5. Pocantino. Madeira. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—3 and 2.

AGREEABLE JOKING.—No practical joker ever surpassed the Delavalls, of Seaton Delvall. The family of the late lord used to place the beds of their guests upon concealed trap doors, which, in the middle of the night, were lowered into pits full of water.—*English P*